WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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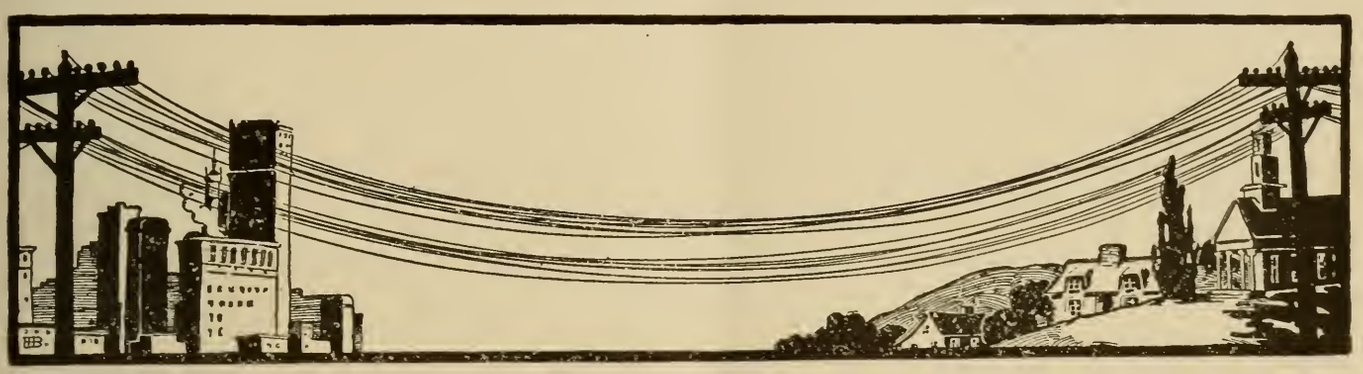

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

WELLESLEY'S PROFESSORS AND ASSOCIATE PROFESSORS.

To compress the multiform activities and achievements of our Wellesley professors into the brief space of a few magazine pages is assuredly an impossible task. When one is confronted with the fact that they have studied in almost every place where study is possible; that their books include text-books, novels, books of travel, books for children, histories, and volumes of poetry; that their articles appear in most of the American magazines and some foreign ones; and that their outside interests are of the varied sort that might be expected from such a group, one feels that only in a volume of "Who's Who" proportions could justice be done the subject. It may be possible here, however, to suggest some of the reasons for Wellesley's pride in her Faculty.

The degrees held by our Professors and Associate Professors represent twenty-six American colleges and four foreign schools and universities; while many other foreign universities are represented by shorter periods of study. To take up the departments, beginning with one of the oldest, that of Greek: Professor Chapin, who has been acting dean since 1911, has studied in the University of Michigan and at Cambridge, England, besides working much in the American Classical School at Athens. Of the Associate Professors of Greek, Miss Edwards is a graduate of Cornell, her doctor's degree being from the same university; she has also studied at Bryn Mawr. Miss Montague is a member of the class of '79, the first class to graduate from Wellesley, and she took her master's degree the first year that degree was conferred at Wellesley, in '82; her study has been continued at Radcliffe, Athens, and Cambridge, England.

Professor Hawes, the head of the Latin Department, whose special subject is society in the time of the Roman Empire, has studied in Leipsic, as well as at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome; indeed, she spends almost every summer in the Latin countries—Italy, France, Spain, or Roman Africa. The Associate Professors in this department, Miss Walton, a graduate of Smith, whose doctor's degree comes from Cornell, and Miss Fletcher, whose work has been at Wellesley, Radcliffe and Harvard, have also studied at the American School in Rome; while Miss Walton's Archæology, which she teaches as well as Latin, has taken her further afield, to Leipsic, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, London, Constantinople, and especially Athens.

The Professors in the Departments of Modern Languages are equally well equipped. Professor Jackson of the Italian Department was born in Italy and has lived there many years. Professor Müller of the German Department is a graduate of the Hanover Normal College, and has studied at Göttingen; last August she was present at the convention of German-American teachers in Berlin. Miss Scholl's work has been at Berlin, Heidelberg, and Zürich, from the last of which comes her doctor's degree; Miss Wiplinger has just returned from studying in Berlin, her pre-

vious work having led to a B.A. at Bern and a doctor's degree at Freiburg. Professor Colin of the French Department has studied principally in Paris—in the University of Paris and the Sorbonne, among others; her doctor's degree was taken at Leland Stanford. She was decorated by the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique of France, and consequently ranks with French University professors.

Both Professor Macdougall and Associate Professor Hamilton of the Music Department have studied at Brown. Professor Macdougall's degree is the honorary one of Doctor of Music; he is also by examination an Associate of the Royal College of Organists in London, one of the most important organizations of musicians in the world.

In the Art Department Professor Brown and Associate Professor Abbot have been continuously associated with the development of recent art criticism, both in this country and abroad. The practical work of the department, while considered important and in many cases essential to sound observation and criticism, is entirely subordinated to its purpose of illuminating the study of the history of art. This method study, originated by Miss Brown at the Slater Museum, Norwich, Connecticut, was brought by her to the college in 1897-98, and has borne fruit in the vitality which has always marked the department.

Professor Kendall of the History Department has her degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Boston University Law School, and has studied besides at Oxford and Radcliffe; all of which has been supplemented by first-hand investigation of present-day international situations by travel in Turkey, India and China. The last journey, in which Jack, the small Irish terrier usually to be found near the history office, was a companion, has resulted in a book—"A Wayfarer in China." Next summer Miss Kendall hopes to spend in Russia, getting some impressions of the social conditions there. Of the Associate Professors of the History Department, Miss Orvis and Miss Moffatt are graduates of Vassar, and hold their doctor's degree from Cornell. Mrs. Hodder, whose study has been done at Syracuse University, the University of Minneapolis, Radcliffe and Cornell (her doctor's degree being from the latter), is engaged in special work in the Tudor period of English history, and has succeeded in getting hold of much interesting material for the college library.

In the Department of Biblical History, Professor Kendrick, who is a gradute of Wellesley, holds her doctor's degree from Boston University, and Associate Professor Locke, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, has the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology from the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Of the English Literature Department, Professor Bates, and Miss Shackford and Miss Conant, Associate Professors, are graduates of Wellesley; Miss Shackford holds also a doctor's degree from Yale, and, since her chosen subject is Mediæval literture, has studied much in England, France and Italy. Miss Conant's doctor's degree is from Columbia. Professor Scudder and Professor Waite did graduate and undergraduate work at Smith, and Professor Waite also studied at Yale. Professor Sherwood is from Vassar, with graduate work at Zürich, Oxford, Radcliffe and Yale, her doctor's degree being from Yale. Associate Professor Lockwood is a graduate of the University of Kansas, and holds a doctor's degree from Yale. Mr. Young is a graduate of Harvard and has studied abroad. His special subject is American literature; he has been working on various problems connected with the interpretation of the ideal behind our democracy, as expressed throughout American letters.

Professor Hart, the head of the Department of English Composition, has degrees from Radcliffe and Michigan, while Miss Perkins has had both undergraduate and graduate work at Bryn Mawr.

Professor Burrell, the head of the Department of Pure Mathematics, and Miss Merrill and Miss Vivian, two of the Associate Professors, are all graduates of Wellesley. Miss Merrill has done graduate study at the University of Chicago, at Göttingen, and at Yale, where her doctor's degree was conferred; Miss Vivian holds her doctor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Chandler is a graduate of the University of Michigan.

Professor Calkins, of the Philosophy Department, who is a graduate of Smith, has worked at Clark University with Dr. Sanford, and at Harvard with Dr. Royce, Dr. James and Dr. Münsterberg. She has passed the examination for the doctor's degree at Harvard, but Harvard does not

give degrees to women, so her doctors' degrees are the honorary ones of Doctor of Laws from Smith and Doctor of Literature from Columbia. Professor Calkins has the honor of being the first woman ever elected president of the American Psychological Association. Professor Case is a graduate of the University of Michigan. Miss Gamble, whose undergratuate work was at Wellesley, has studied at Göttingen and holds her doctor's degree from Cornell. Miss Gamble has done a unique work in her especial field of experimental psychology. She has accomplished results which no one else has attained, and her work is well known both in America and abroad.

Professor Coman, the retiring head of the Economics Department, has her degree of Bachelor of Philosophy from the University of Michigan, while Miss Balch has worked at Bryn Mawr, Paris and Berlin. Professor Norton, of the Department of Education, is a graduate of Harvard; Dr. Skarstom, of the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education, studied in Sweden and at the Harvard Medical School. Professor Bennett's degrees came from Boston University.

Finally, the various science departments also show a wide range of university training in their professors. Professor Whiting, who has been head of both the Departments of Astronomy and Physics and has done so much in building them up, did undergraduate work at Ingham University, studied abroad in Berlin and the University of Edinburgh, and holds a Doctor of Science degree from Tufts. Professor Hayes of the Departments of Applied Mathematics and of Astronomy, is a graduate of Oberlin College. Miss MacDowell (Department of Physics) and Miss Davis are both graduates of Wellesley; Miss MacDowell holds the doctor's degree from Cornell. Professor Roberts of the Chemistry Department is a graduate of Wellesley, and her doctor's degree is from Yale; Associate Professor Bragg studied at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as did Professor Fisher of the Geology Department. Miss Fisher has supplemented her college study by working largely in the field. In 1897 she was one of those attending the International Geographical Congress in Russia, where for four months the czar threw open the empire to geologists and geographers. A long trip through the Canadian Rockies and Alaska, another through the Southwest to investigate canyons and mines, and more recently a tramp through Switzerland for the purpose of studying glaciers, has made Professor Fisher thoroughly familiar with her subject. Professor Robertson, the head of the Zoology Department, did undergraduate as well as graduate work in the University of California, her doctor's degree coming from that university; Miss Thompson, in the same department, holds her doctor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania, where her undergraduate work was done; Miss Hubbard has studied at Mt. Holyoke and the University of Chicago. Of the Botany Department, Professor Ferguson and Associate Professor Wiegand have done undergraduate work as well as work for their doctor's degrees at Cornell. Of the other two Associate Professors, Mr. Riddle is a graduate of Harvard, taking his doctor's degree there also; while Miss Snow did undergraduate work at Goucher, and took her doctor's degree at the University of Chicago.

The books and publications of Wellesley's Professors are far too numerous to list completely; but as most of them are reviewed in the COLLEGE NEWS upon their appearance, perhaps a mention of the most recent and the most important will suffice. Professor Müller's "Carla Wenkebach—Pioneer," is a bit of biography which is of especial interest to Wellesley people since Professor Wenkebach taught German in the college for nineteen years. Miss Müller's "Glück Auf" is soon to appear in a revised and enlarged form, having proved one of the most popular readers in the United States; and she has on hand at present several works in the province of pure literature. Professor Coman, whose list of books includes "The Industrial History of the United States," has recently published "The Economic Beginnings of the Far West," in two volumes, a book which is attracting wide-spread commendation for its close study and its originality, as well as for its interest. Professor Coman and Professor Kendall have done two books on English history in collaboration; Professor Kendall's new book on China has already been mentioned. Miss Balch's most important work is her very able treatment of "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens."

At present Mr. Norton is compiling historical sources for the revival of Classical Studies in Italy in the fifteenth century, the book to be along the same lines as his previous "Readings in the History of Education," which gave selected documents from Mediæval university records, with comments. More immediately, perhaps, Mr. Norton is concerned with studies of contemporary education, clinical studies of various types of children, etc.

Some time ago, Professor Macdougall of our Music Department was interviewed in London concerning the surprising way music was taught in American colleges; which is significant of the fact that only in America is music study placed on the same basis as other college work. In this direction women's colleges have led the way, so it is pleasant to find our Professors of Music doing such "interesting publishing." Mr. Macdougall's "National Graded Course in Seven Books," is a series which is widely used by teachers, and Mr. Hamilton's "Outlines of Musical History," and "Sound and its Relation to Music," are textbooks for colleges and secondary schools. Piano music, songs and anthems, the latter often sung first by the college choir, are constantly being written. In this connection it is interesting to note that Miss Bates' "America the Beautiful," sung by the college on national days and Student Government birthdays, to Mr. Hamilton's setting, and lovingly called "The Wellesley 'America,'" is being brought out by Ditson with four settings: Mr. Hamilton's, and those of Mr. Fisher, Mr. John Carroll Randolph, and Mr. Sleeper, the minister of the Wellesley Congregational Church. This same "America" is to be sung (to still another setting) at the Fourth of July celebration, at Portland, Maine.

It is impossible to do more than refer to Miss Bates' other published work. It comprises books of travel, such as "Spanish Highways and Byways;" stories; critical work, including "English Religious Drama," and various critical editions; poems which appear from time to time in periodicals; and stories and poems for children, of which "The Canterbury Pilgrimage" is to come out in a holiday edition this fall.

Among the publications of the Boston Drama League last year was a pamphlet on the Irish plays by Miss Bates; her last work has been a monograph called "A Conjecture as to Thomas Haywood's Family." Just now Miss Bates is busy with the manuscript left by Miss Jewett.

Professor Sherwood's books are nearly as numerous as those of Miss Bates. Many of her charming short stories appear in the Atlantic Monthly; she has written as well for the North American Review, Cornhill Magazine, Scribner's, etc. Her last publication is a dramatic poem, "Vittoria." It is interesting that one of her first novels, "Henry Worthington, Idealist," was one of the first books to be written about problems of modern social conditions.

Miss Shackford has published "A First Book in Poetics," and "Composition-Rhetoric-Literature." In 1898 she had the honor to receive the first award of the Cook poetry prize at Yale University. She has had verse, critical studies, book reviews (especially on her chosen subject of Mediæval Literature) and articles on travel appearing in such magazines as the Dial, Atlantic Monthly, and Modern Language Notes. Her latest book, on "Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature," will soon be out.

Besides many critical editions Miss Scudder is known for her romance, "A Disciple of a Saint,"and for "Social Ideals in English Letters," and "Socialism and Character," which are widely used. For the Everyman series she has supplied two introductions, and is now interested in the issuing of translations from Arthurian Romance.

Miss Conant has published an interesting study of "The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century," one of the Columbia University studies in Comparative Literature. Miss Waite has done editing, notably "Ben Jonson's English Grammar;" Miss Lockwood has edited many of Milton's prose writings, and has contributed much to scholarship with her "Lexicon of the English Poetical Works of John Milton." Miss Hart has edited various classics; Miss Perkins got out the recent "Vocations for the Trained Woman" for the Women's Industrial and Educational Union, and wrote, too, a "Rhetoric" which is entering its second edition.

For the use of classes in Biblical History Miss Kendrick has arranged, with the help of other members of the department, various "Studies in the History and Relig-

ion of Israel." Her booklets, "The Christian Life" and "The Christian Church," were published primarily for the College Christian Association, being topics for daily reading, but the former especially is now being much used outside of Wellesley.

There is no need to comment on Professor Calkins' widely used text-books: The "Introduction to Psychology" is in its second edition, and the "First Book of Psychology," as well as "Persistent Problems of Philosophy" are in their third editions. Professor Calkins writes for the Journal of Psychology, the Philosophical Review, for pedigogical journals, and German scientific magazines. Among the Wellesley College Studies in Psychology Professor Gamble has "The Choice of Stimulus Words for Experiments in Chance Word Reaction," which is an authoritative study of the reconstruction method in memorizing, and represents seven years of study in the Wellesley laboratory. Professor Gamble has also had published recently in a collection gotten out by the Westboro State Hospital for the Insane a paper on "Mental Deficiency," which was done with Dr. Alberta Guibord's help. As the foremost authority among psychologists on smell, Miss Gamble reviews each year for the Psycological Bulletin any work that has appeared on taste and smell.

Besides her text-books of Mathematics, Professor Hayes has published "Letters to a College Girl," and "Two Comrades." Professor Whiting's laboratory manual in Astronomy is one of the first and most useful contributions toward promoting the study of Astronomy by the scientific use of photographs.

Very important experimental and research work has been done by members of our Science Faculty. Professor Fisher has investigated the "partition process" for the lateral movement of rivers; a process not hitherto known, the study of which "compels a new conception of river action."

In the Astronomy Laboratory Professor Whiting has been measuring spectrograms of stars, which have been received through the courtesy of the Lick Observatory. An important new piece of apparatus is that for obtaining the Zeeman effect, by which it is possible to prove that the sun is actually in a magnetic condition; this has been studied and set up. In the Physics Department, Miss Davis has been experimenting with color photography.

Professor Robertson has investigated the morphology and embryology of the bryozoa, and is now an authority on the bryozoa fauna of the Pacific coast of North America and Japan. Miss Hubbard, also of the Zoology Department, is at work now in her fourth floor laboratory on the inheritance of variations in certain beetles; investigating some problems of evolution as well as the laws of inheritance, in that field of genetics which is attracting so much attention to-day because of the practical work of eugenics. Miss Thompson is investigating the brain structure of three different genera of ants; her work is entirely on histology. In the Botany Department, Miss Ferguson's authoritative work on the life history of Pinus was highly commended by the Association for Maintaining the American Woman's Table at the Zoological Station at Naples and for Promoting Scientific Research by Women, and was published by them. Associate Professor Wiegand has contributed to many botanical papers; after this year Wellesley can no longer claim him, as he goes to Cornell to organize there a large Botany Department under the Agricultural College.

In the world outside of Wellesley our professors are known in other ways than by their publications. Professor Chapin had a lectureship at the American Classical School, Athens, in 1898–99. In the College Extension lectures given this winter in Wellesley, Professor Whiting, Professor Gamble and Dr. Skarstom have been among the speakers. Lectures on literature are to be given in the spring. Professor Gamble has also lectured recently at Mt. Holyoke. Professor Fisher has been appointed by the University Extension of Boston to give a four-year course of lectures on geography before the Teachers' School of Science. Associate Professor Scholl lectures in Boston to a group of graduates on the German Drama of the nineteenth century; Professor Müller spoke last summer to the State Teachers' Association at Manchester, N. H. Professor Scudder has more requests for lectures than she has time to give, on Literature, or on Economic Socialism before church audiences. Though Miss Scudder's chief interest is in the interpretation of letters, she continues to

devote much time to the service of College Settlements, the eastern branch of which she was instrumental in founding. She is Director of the Denison House work among immigrant Italians; the work is especially prospering this year because of a Lowell Lecture Fund grant for lectures in Italian which was secured by Professor Mary Wilcox, Professor Emeritus of Zoology at Wellesley.

Miss Balch speaks this spring before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on Immigation Policies—Miss Balch being one of a committee which is trying to get the appointment of a state commission which shall investigate conditions among immigrants in Boston. She spoke recently before the American Association for Labor Legislation on her investigation of the minimum wage problem. Miss Orvis is interested in the Progressive Party on the educational side, especially in connection with Italian immigrants. At the January meeting of the Philosophical Association, a paper by Miss Case on "Hegel as an Observer of Thought" was read. Miss Homans will give a paper this summer at the Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, in Buffalo. Earlier in the summer she is planning for a two weeks' conference of the graduates of her department, the object being to bring specialists of distinction before the Alumnæ, and to discuss the advance made in hygiene and physical education in this and foreign countries. Mr. Hamilton with Mr. Foster will take charge this summer of the Music Department of the Commonwealth Art Colony, at Boothbay Harbor, Me., an Arts and Crafts school of about four hundred.

As might be expected, our professors are members of every sort of learned society, and have places on various important boards. Professor Chapin is on the Managing Committee of the American Classical School at Athens. Professor Hawes was on the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome until the consolidation of that school with the American Academy in 1912. Miss Walton is on the Council of the American Archæological Institute, from the Boston society. Miss Hart is a trustee of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, and with Miss Bates is a member of the Boston Authors' Club. Professor Bates is also a member of the Poetry Society of America; and like Miss Coman is a director of the International Institute for Girls in Spain. Professor Coman has given much of her time to that work this past winter; she has also been on the State Committee of the Consumers' League and the Executive Committee of Denison House. Prof. Macdougall is one of the founders of the American Guild of Organists and was for a time Dean of the New England chapter. He is also on the Board of Management of the Boston Art Club.

Of the professors who are now on leave of absence many are doing interesting things. Miss Perkins, of the Department of English Composition, is teaching at the American College for Girls in Constantinople, and sending interesting articles on Turkish questions to the New York Post. It will be remembered that the college in Constantinople has had another Wellesley Professor on its Faculty, for Miss Vivian of the Department of Mathematics was there for three years, during two of which she was Acting President. Associate Professor Moffatt of the History Department, and Professor Roberts of the Chemistry Department are spending the winter in Heidelberg, while Mr. Riddle of the Botany Department is also working in Europe. Miss Coman will also be abroad next year, though to Wellesley's regret it will no longer be as a professor of the college; she will be in England, France, and Belgium, studying problems of social insurance at Miss Jane Addams' request. Professor Bates will probably be in Spain

No mention has been made of the years of faithful class room work that lie behind these names, though this is after all the important part of being a college professor. There is no space, either, for praise of the many members of the Faculty who are not professors but who have done important and interesting work; or for the long roll of past professors, and the work of organizing departments which is still going on. For all of this we have most grateful appreciation. The aim of this article, however, is rather to emphasize what is so often overlooked: the wide range of study our Professors bring to their work and the many things they are doing continually for the world outside.

ISADORE DOUGLAS, 1910.

IN MEMORIAM.

SOPHIE JEWETT.

By still lake shore, or oak wood sere,
One time there walked a lady here
In garments green, whose ripples still
Blend with the grass of field and hill.
Through the dim blue of autumn haze,
Through quickening spring's enchanted days,
Erect, serene, she came and went
On her high task of beauty bent.
For us who knew, nor can forget,
The echoes of her laughter yet
Make sudden music in the halls.
For aye these academic walls
Give back that cadenced voice that reads
Poetic tale of knightly deeds,
Her head thrown back in swift-born pride
In one who for his faith had died;
A sudden splendor in her eyes
At finding act of sacrifice.

Earth had her merriment and tears,
Her fine resolve, her quick-stung fears
Of crawling selfishness and sin,
Her quicker faith that good shall win.
This brown world bringing joy and pain
In days of gold, in lashing rain,
Through all its myriad-minded strife
She loved with warmth of human life,
Revelled in every line and hue
Of beauty sea and forest knew.

Sharing her sorrow and her mirth,
We knew her part of blessed earth,
Yet knew she lived, eternally,
The soul's hid life one may not see.
Withdrawn, apart, by night and day,
Her footsteps climbed the holy way,
Up heavenly hills of longing, where
The spirit takes the road of prayer.

Nor dare we doubt that she, who then
Trod the far world beyond our ken,
Walks now, unseen, this earth of ours,
Aware, as once, of sun-touched flowers,
And hylas' plaintive cries, that bring
The pain and peace of earliest spring;
Of June's sweet fragrances, and all
The subtle loveliness of fall.
In gentle rain, in brightening air,
Lo, she is here, and everywhere!
Nearer than sight, or whispered word,
Yet ours, though untouched, unheard,
As eager as of old to share
The beauty that one may not bear,
So fine its poignancy of joy,
Still busy in her old employ
Of poetry, verse finely wrought
That sets to music noble thought.

One had to seek her then, but see!
Forever waits she silently
Where bitter need or trouble calls.
Alway I hear her light foot-falls
In crowded streets, where hunger waits
At its unnumbered, swarming gates;
And step by step with human ill
Her healing footsteps follow still.
Whenever sudden anguish cries
I see the sweetness of her eyes,
Where quivering shades of sorrow blend
With vision of the perfect end.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

LIFE IN A GIRLS' CAMP AND ITS RELATION TO LIFE IN COLLEGE

EDITOR'S NOTE:—It is of interest to know that the author of this article, Harriet Farnsworth Gulick, Wellesley, '87, has, with her husband, Mr. Edward Leeds Gulick, successfully established the Aloha Camp at Fairlee, Vermont, and that she is thus so ably fitted to tell us of the work, the life and spirit in one of the best known camps for girls.

Within ten years there has developed a new and wonderful kind of summer vacation for the American girl which is having a deep influence on her whole life.

Only recently, summers seemed ideal if we could spend a few weeks in the country, possibly climb a mountain, row on a lake occasionally, bicycle about the town, and have a horseback ride once or twice, never forgetting always and everywhere to be immaculately dressed in dainty light clothes. Now, almost any day in summer, you may meet on the mountain trail, along some lovely wood road, or tramping through the woods, a group of sturdy girls, led by an older young woman, footing it gayly along the way. If you look pleasant and smile at them, they may even give in your honor their camp cheer, as with dusty feet and tanned, but rosy faces, they quickly pass you by. These girls in New England camps come from all over our country, chiefly from city homes to beautiful camp sights among the pines, along the lakes of Maine and New Hampshire, or from the equally beautiful, but less exploited state of Vermont. If you could hear their conversation as they pass, you would quickly find that these sturdy trampers come from homes of refinement and luxury, and that they are hugely enjoying sleeping in tents, learning to swim, to drive, to row, to paddle, in short to live close to friendly Mother Nature through nine happy weeks of the camp season.

Before asking what the relationship of such a life to college life may be, it is well to know a little more about the routine, customs and ideals of camp life. The camp routine is apt to be much the same in many girls' camps. I will tell of the life in the camp which I know.

The notes of the army bugle rouses all campers at seven and they must move quickly, for "assembly" will sound in ten minutes, and then from highland and midway, from lakeside and lodge the girls come flocking to the tennis-court for a ten-minutes setting up drill, deep breathing exercises, a run about the court, military marching or a lively folk dance, to the notes of the much used piano nearby, helped by the agile violinist at the front of the court. But that is soon over, and for those who came to calisthenics in bathing suits, a good plunge in the lake awaits them before they return with the rest for more leisurely and careful dressing before breakfast.

After a hearty meal at eight, all the camp is busy from the newest of girls to the veteran-old camper, putting all in "ship-shape" order; making beds, sweeping each her tent floor, picking up every stray bit about her tent that might reduce her chances of winning the much-coveted banner given at the close of the season, for the best kept tent. At nine o'clock the notes of the "assembly" bugle again echo across the lake and all gather for morning prayers and a sing. The best

time, some of the old campers have called this, of the whole happy day. Then announcements are made and delightful trips and parties are planned. After a brief service the singing begins. Oh—the good old sings at our camp! None of the non-initiated know the fun of those camp sings, led by piano, cornet, and violins—a most creditable orchestra—presided over by a musical genius, that in but a few days makes the stolidest of non-singers want to sing! The camp songs are written by the girls and councillors, and it is well if you have a quick memory, for there are many jolly songs to learn and new ones are being often added to the long list. The singing ceases as soon as any readiness to stop can be seen among the girls and all scatter to their numerous appointments till the swimming hour. These appointments are for the craft work of the morning, taught freely to all campers by expert teachers, basketry, stencilling, leather-work, bench-work, jewelry and book binding. The girls elect which they prefer. It is hardly possible to over praise this kind of work at girls' camps. Our girls come to us so often—"tired of books and lessons and the dead routine of school," but glad and eager for some work to do with their quick hands and deft fingers. Surely all play and no work would make Jill a dull girl! The campers grow steadily in their fondness and enthusiasm for this work. By the last of the camp days, we fairly have to "shoo" them away from the work benches, they become so enthusiastic over the beautiful work, which is to go as a happy surprise or a Christmas gift for dear ones at home. But after all, the 11.30 bugle starting the swimming period is, perhaps, the most popular hour of the day. With a life-boat to watch the deep water swimmers, and an expert swimmer instructing beginners, we try to eliminate all dangers from the lake. The fun and frolic runs high and it is a joy to see how quickly the prim little city girls are transformed into expert young mermaids. After the swim, unlike their brothers at boys' camps, the girls often sit about drying their long locks in the bright sunshine. But all must be neat and tidy by 12.30, for then, hungry as bears in spring time, they flock to the well-loaded tables. Then comes a quiet time after dinner so that every sleepy camper may take "forty winks," but if she won't "wink," write a wee note home, before the reading hour, when the girls gather under the trees with embroidery or craft work in hand to listen to some good reading from some choice new story, or some standard old book, new to the listeners. But meanwhile the camp is forming plans for all sorts of fun and games for the afternoon, excursions on foot or on horseback, a trip to a neighboring girls' camp, a steamer ride around the lake, a boat ride with some of the girls, or best of all—to some—a quiet paddle along the lake shore with a few friends. At 5.30 the supper call brings all scattered camp daughters back to their hot supper with furious appetites.

Then come the lovely camp evenings, with basket-ball, or tennis, or a bonfire in the ravine with camp songs and a good story, or a sing on the lake, when every available water craft will be full to overflowing, while we serenade some neighbor or well-wisher of our camp, till in the deepening twilight again the bugle notes are heard echoing from bluff to mountain, and each prow turns to the home shore—and from each little craft is heard the favorite sound—"Good-night—time sounds a warning call, sweet sleep descends to all—Good-night." Milk and crackers are ready for all, and all they want as each goes by the dining-hall to her tent. Then taps come at nine and lights are out and all is still except for a few giggles and an emphatic "hush, shsh" from an honor girl; all is still but for that little rebel, the whip-poor-will. Such is an average day, but this leaves out much, the many camp dances, the evenings of charades, the stunt parties, the circuses, the reading of the weekly Bugle,—the camp paper,—the trips to the mountains,—Cube, Mousilauke and the Presidential Range,—the real camping out for a night and sleeping on the ground, doing one's own primitive cooking and getting a bit of the feeling of our primitive ancestors as we broil our bacon and tend the camp-fire.

But just how are all these good times related to college life?

In camp a girl learns genuineness. She gives up her distinctive clothes for the time, her elaborate coiffure and her more elaborate hat, and dons a camp uniform, drops her hair down in two pig-tails and

finds herself one of many with the superficial unessentials eliminated. What she gives to the camp will not depend on the coffers at home, but on what she is herself. We care little whether my lady drinks out of a golden goblet at home, but we care much that she should pass the tin cup of the trail to her councillor and camp mates before drinking greedily herself. Her own attainments count for little unless she can convert them into something for the life or happiness of her summer community.

Resorting to the method of the questionaire I asked camp girls at Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Holyoke, Bryn Mawr and Chicago University this question: Has your camp experience had any influence on your college life? If so, what? One camp daughter writes: "Camp makes a girl more democratic and not so easily prejudiced by dress and general appearance, but she looks for what is in the girl. College life is much more selfish than camp life, for things have to be done and each one has to plan for herself, while at camp the spirit is much sweeter and not so critical." Another writes, "Indeed I do feel that camp life is a fine preparation for college. First and foremost, because you have learned how to live with girls, and what things to care about and what things to dismiss. . . it helps you to get a true perspective. Perhaps, best of all, it teaches you to be unselfish with other girls around and to keep your temper in the little affairs that are so often annoying. Moreover, it teaches you to go in for things and work at them for the sake of working. It gives you the true kind of enthusiasm. Perhaps many would have learned this at school, but I learned at camp how to get up stunts and manage parties, etc. You have learned at camp that in a community of girls, one can be informal. Often I have seen a Freshman stand back and shyly wait for an introduction, while the camp girl has already gone ahead and made acquaintances just because camp has taught her that among girls their common institution, which is their excuse for being there, is enough introduction."

A college girl from Chicago writes: "As I think them over most of the benefits from camp life,—health, greater consideration for other people, increased ability to do things with others, independence, reliability,—all apply to life in general as much as they do to college life. It seems to me, however, that the opportunity which the camp gives a girl to size herself up, as it were, is something which influences her college life more particularly, perhaps, than anything else. In the democracy of camp life, a girl soon finds out what she really is, and what she can do, and the poise and confidence that comes from this knowledge is one of her greatest assets in college life."

Another from a larger eastern college says: "It teaches a girl the meaning of fair play, which is a lesson she must learn before she comes to college. There are games at camp and there is the feeling of being on one's honor at everything one does. If a girl comes to college at seventeen or eighteen, where there is student government, she must, above all things, be truthful—play fair. Athletics, of course, are a training for college teams and the regular hours are simply aids to formation of good habits."

Another, after speaking, as all do, of learning how to get on with many girls constantly about, adds: "Camp taught me how to adjust myself to this community life, and I have been deeply grateful for it many times, too. Camp teaches some of the community spirit, and you can't help regarding other people's rights a little more, and seeing more clearly the needs and rights of student government. It was good, too, to know camp girls already at college; it at least made the way easier for me to find so many camp friends when I came as a Freshman to college. The biggest part of all is the added self-reliance and adjustability, and I don't believe a boarding school, with its rather strained atmosphere, could do it so well."

Another writes breezily: "How can I express the wonderful experience that my camp has given me, ever since, a little girl of twelve, I got out at the steps of the camp and was introduced as one whose only appreciation of the beautiful scenery along the Connecticut was, 'Oh, my land.' Before I went to camp, I knew but one girl well. At camp I first chose the ones with whom I came in contact, without taking further thought. It took me a long while to learn that the girls whom I most admired were the ones I should try

to know, that it was not necessary to wonder whether they would let me play with them. Now, in college, I know one is judged by the company she keeps. Seventy-five or fewer girls at once where one is used to only one, is almost overwhelming. What would a thousand have been to me, had I not had my camp experience! I am sure camp taught me to realize that it is not the conspicuous things that always count, and to get the good that college offers in my own way. The routine of camp is a pleasure to remember. I am glad I have had experience in dividing my time, when I see poor, tired, overworked girls, who do not know when they need rest, who cannot realize that the mind and the body, to keep healthy, must have complete quiet at times. Some girls here do not know the treasures in a long walk over hill and dale, along the brookside, through the woods, when all thoughts of lessons are behind."

Another adds: "Camp life taught me how to get along without mother, how to fight homesickness and to get out of myself."

Another prominent college girl writes: "Emphatically camp did prepare me for college life, but to explain just how, is not quite so simple. There are, of course, the physical advantages gained at camp, which prepare a girl for college. She gets a reserve of strength and steady nerve that help her immensely to withstand the nervous strain of college life. And then, too, this strength enables her to do much more and to get more out of college.

But the most important way in which camp, or perhaps I should say our camp, as I do not know other camps, prepares a girl for college is in the opportunity that it gives for frank comradeship with college women. It is an inestimable advantage, I think, to know intimately people who have done or are doing what you are expecting to do, and camp, as no other place that I know of can do, influences a sub-Freshman immensely. Perhaps what I mean could be summed up in saying that she gets the true college spirit, in the best meaning of that much-abused word.

HARRIET FARNSWORTH GULICK, '87.

GRADUATE STUDY AT WELLESLEY.

"Pythagoras, the light of Magna Graecia, lived for a time in a cave," and a good many persons with a turn for etymology will trace your "graduate student" directly to "Pythagoras" by those same cave marks which, they aver, are but too apparent in the derivative. They sniff the mould and damp in his pale cast of thought, and pity his unaccustomed eyes dazed by the bright world. Ah well, I have no turn for etymology, but I have a weakness for caves, and who shall say there is no grain of truth in all this? Certain it is that Pythagoras was searching for wisdom and that he chose for his helpers leisure, the best teachers, and sympathetic companionship. What else do we? It was for wisdom that, "exempt from public haunt," he listened to the sermonizing of the stones, read the running brooks, and delighted in the company of his own good thoughts. Even in our day there is no ban upon one's own thoughts, and we still learn gladly from those teachers of the hillside and field: but we have not yet attained that eminence where no human teachers are above us, no human companions our peers.

Graduate-life—for it is not so dull as to be all work—is a different matter from merely a fifth or sixth year at college. It represents a different adjustment of the obligation upon the teachers and the taught. Professors justly expect both a more insatiate and a more enlightened spirit of inquiry in their students, and these in turn look for a greater freedom in the use of their time. Under the direction of a college course, if the parties to the contract have been reciprocally dutiful, a student has travelled in various realms of knowledge

"And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,"

until from his own experience he comes to imagine truly how vast is the whole world of knowledge. But who that has travelled has not longed to abide, not only to gape at "towers, domes, theatres and temples," to mark the strange manners and speech,

and pass on to gape and wonder again; but to stay until the faces of the people take on their rightful look of kinship with their greatest works, until the alien himself becomes a neighbor where

"all were neighbors and hand lay warm in hand."

Graduate study is the abiding in that pleasantest spot of all, where is new work to do, new life to live, and where, too, splendid characters—a noble array—have come before, lingered, and established themselves in their own right as scholars. In undergraduate study we hear these scholars talked of in the circles of our elders, we are led up on all occasions to make our bows; but among ourselves we regard them as crusty and eccentric landlords upon whose great estates we poach with scarcely a twinge of conscience. Initiation into graduate work involves the acquiring of a decent and courteous respect for the property of others and a decent and humble respect for our own daily efforts at proprietorship.

I do not mean to say that a rampart or moat or any such thing divides all graduates from all undergraduates, and until they are in they are entirely out. In spite of the efforts of the college to establish uniformity in entrance requirements, everyone recognizes the disparity in the preparation of entering students; and in spite of the good Mater's best care, an almost equal disparity remains at the end of the course. The powers forfend that these mental seedlings should be set and trimmed into a formal hedge, their growth one inextricable tangle, and every shoot lopped off that puts out to catch a sweeter breeze, a more embracing light! Yet it is the constant wish of the college to give individually that care and nourishment which in the end shall make all of equally study stock, each after its kind. Some students early recognize the unity of knowledge and the relations between the parts; and for such, graduate work is a straight road and a fair, leading through whatever region to that one goal of truth where science and philosophy are one. Ruskin defines a university as a "place where only certain persons come to learn everything; that is to say, where those who wish to be able to think, come to learn to think: not to think of mathematics only, nor of morals, nor of surgery, nor chemistry, but of everything rightly." The too often expressed and too, too often felt disparagement of other than the chosen subject of study must be my apology for a little homily, since it shows how many of those who pursue graduate work are likely not to catch it for many a day. These are they who dart down every little wilding path and mistake soul-withering erudition for wisdom, or the course of least resistance for the course of all-conquering genius.

Much breath and much ink are spent in praise of the "all-round development" a college training stands for. However, this over-proclaimed rotundity must be looked to or it will quite lose its first centre by too much stuffing on the non-academic side. It is a perverted notion of "all-round development" that lets it be expected from any amount of extra academic interest in social work or social play, politics, or the fine arts, without a first and greater interest in not one only but varied academic subjects, properly more theoretical than practical. What eyes are fit to read the poets that have not been trained to see clearly and accurately what is before them, to mark the sea when it is "wine-dark," to note the rubies in the gold coats of cowslips? What are symphonies to ears that cannot hear

"the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows?"

Who that objects to the severity of abstract reasoning can hope to be consistent and effective in the planning and execution of any work of art or affairs? To borrow Newman's quotation from John Davison, "A man of well improved faculties has the command of another's knowledge. A man without them, has not the command of his own."

On this foundation of trained faculties, graduate work builds up that true self-possession which comes from the mastery, through prolonged labor, of some one difficult subject. Leisure and inspiration are the mainstays of this as of all prolonged labor; and the degree in which they are offered should determine one's choice of college or university for higher work. The patience essential to a scholarly regard for truth can hardly be learned without leisure. To expect students continually to accept big, new ideas in the lump, is to induce rashness and super-

ficiality—those direct contradictions to the nature of scholarship. Certainly an infinite capacity for taking pains–whether or not we call it genius—is the victorious foe of mediocrity,while rashness and superficiality are its boon companions. Of course this desired leisure is not one in which to dawdle, to let schemes and theories evaporate for want of condensing effort, nor one in which to amass encyclopædic information under the delusion that it is scholarship, and that it will reward with loveliness that "infinite love of learning" which is the student's best mentor. Desultory zigzagging through a course of study, so far from enriching, enervates and slackens the powers so that it becomes increasingly difficult to thwart the tendencies of the Mr. Brooke or the Mr. Casaubon, in one's mental constitution.

At Wellesley the attitude toward this very important factor of sufficient time is a generous one. While it is possible for good students and diligent to take the M. A. degree in one year, yet it is usual and wholly without opprobrium to spend two years in carrying the same number of courses. This policy distinctly raises the quality of the graduate work; for it is only reasonable that graduates simply by virtue of being graduates cannot do markedly better work with fifteen hours than seniors who have their hands pretty full with that number or less. Another advantage of this policy is the chance it gives to make use of such a city as Boston, the richest in intellectual traditions of all American cities, whose early prestige is maintained in such living monuments as the public and semi-public libraries, museums, lectureships and clustering institutions of learning. I need add not a word of Wellesley's exultation in having all this at will and her own fair seclusion besides. Anthony Wood—whom I have some reason to quote tenderly—who loved his own Oxford most entirely, makes his requirements for a university: "First, a good and pleasant site, where there is a wholesome and temperate constitution of the air; composed with waters, springs or wells, woods and pleasant fields; which being obtained, those commodities are enough to invite students to stay and abide there."

As for inspiration, that second and more important factor in prolonged labor, it may and happily does come often from books, often from the "collision of mind with mind" in the class room, often from personal example and encouragement. Nowadays when one may have his "twenty bokes" without going threadbare for them, or may read for the asking thousands of volumes in any town library, it would seem that inspiration from books is as likely to come in one place as another. And yet something could well be said for the lessening of friction in a working college library, where through the constant sifting by those who know, the most reliable books are kept nearest to hand. The inspiration that comes from class room discussion is very far from negligible, and cannot be quite replaced by any other. Where all have worked, all are interested and alert, each will be sharp to find the weakness in another's argument and on his metal to maintain his own. As in good sport it is better to run and lose than not to run at all, among one's peers it is better to be refuted than not to have ventured to think. But better than books alone, better than discussion alone, which if unguided is too frequently misguided, is the generous leadership of them that go on from strength to strength and pause only to cheer us in the way. What I should like to be able to say Newman has already said in his essay on "The Rise and Progress of Universities" in a way that can bear many repetitions. Books are well enough, but when people "aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of learning, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centres of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must

catch all these from those in whom it lives already."

The graduate department at Wellesley is still small in numbers, so that few courses, if any, are not shared with seniors. There is a recognized benefit in this arrangement; but it is generally supposed to operate from above downward. A little leaven of older, presumably more responsible and more eager students, lifts and expands the interest of the undergraduates; and the result is noticeably better work. However, from my own observation I believe the benefit has an upward direction as well. Superiority of intellectual power is as likely to be on one side as the other; and even supposing the graduates have the start by longer application, I think the younger students' very lack of experience serves to check an excess of technicalities with which graduate work is often taxed, and to ward off the danger of missing the obvious out of zeal for the hidden. Still working upwards, the presence of graduate students in a class tones up the character of the instruction given; it is impossible for a teacher to give his best to languid students, and no less impossible to withhold his best from eager ones.

If there are advantages to graduate students at Wellesley in being few in class rooms, there are far more and indisputable advantages in their closer communication with those guides, counsellors and friends in whom the "colour, the tone, the air, the life" of the subject live. Their researches in library and laboratory, their examples as investigators and students, as champions of true thought are an inspiration; yet it is one thing to stand without the pale and see these who are already masters

"Work apace, apace, apace, apace,"

and quite another to be initiated by their own hands into the mysteries of productive scholarship, to have them often as tolerant and kind and unerring coworkers. Whatever may be said of material equipment in libraries and in apparatus for scientific experiment, it is the personal relation between master and disciple which counts for more than all else in advanced study. And it has been so from the beginning. The schools of ancient Greece and the universities of mediæval Europe were merely the concourse of learners wherever famous teachers established themselves. Men crossed seas and mountains and endured hardships to reach and abide in Bologna or Paris or Oxford, not for the "wholesome and temperate constitution of the air," "the woods and pleasant fields;" but because in this or that place living teachers,—masters of the quadrivium, doctors of the law or medicine, expositors of the Fathers, were giving themselves indefatigably for learning's sake.

So long as comparisons are what that merciful man Dogberry says they are, I need not indulge in any between Wellesley's graduate department and others. It is enough to have spoken whereof I know concerning the ideal cherished there of intellectual expansion, as Sir Thomas More has it, "the free liberty of the mind and the garnishing of the same;" an ideal in which intellectual grace and beauty and generosity are implicit.

FLORENCE RISLEY, 1905.

SENIORS, ALUMNÆ AND THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION!

When you turn your tassels to the right, 1913, and step into the ranks of Wellesley's Alumnæ, aren't you planning to march in the army of our College Settlements Alumnæ Chapter as well? If you have been College Settlements Association members in college, of course there will be no question, and if you haven't, we want you just the same! 'Tis a splendid way to prove your college loyalty and your interest in social service besides, so when you are asked this spring to pledge your membership for next year, please say "yes."

Our Alumnæ Chapter should certainly be loyal in its support of the Association, for we have Wellesley graduates as head workers in two of our four settlements, Miss Geraldine Gordon at Denison House, Boston, and Miss Eva Louden at the Locust Point Settlement, Baltimore, to say nothing of our Fellow, Miss Marion Loker, 1912, now working at the Rivington-street House in New York. Last year we raised $1,033.50, but that is a trifle in comparison with our numbers and the tremendous needs. By 1914 we must make our contribution at least $1,500, and this can be done if the outgoing class and the less recent Alumnæ rally enthusiastically to our aid.

Think of the comfort given to the 820 people under the care of the resident nurse at Denison House, last year, and keep in mind that 4,705 visits to the sick were made during twelve months!

Think of the young men's gain in power to take responsibility shown by the fact that the club rooms and gymnasium of our New York Settlement have been turned over entirely to the care of the Association known as the Young Men's Clubs!

Think of the Baltimore Settlement, new and small, but very valiant, holding many clubs and classes in painfully cramped quarters!

Think of the valuable training in co-operation gained during weeks of working and playing together in vacation time at Mount Toy or at Chalkley Hall!

Think of the Philadelphia settlement's struggle to raise $1,300 to purchase the house now in use by its Front-street Branch! When we consider that about 1,500 people belong to the constituency of this house, the investment seems quite worth while.

Think of all these things, multiply them by the hundred, and you will have some idea of what forces our settlements are and may become in their overcrowded city communities. Then won't you decide to help Wellesley carry her fair share in supporting the work?

If you are an Alumna who has never joined, a subscription will be gladly received now by the treasurer, Miss Josephine Thayer, 11 West Street, Milford, Massachusetts.

If you are a Senior, a pledge is all we ask this spring.

ELEANOR P. MONROE, 1904,
Alumnæ Elector.

THE OUTLET.

I wonder if those who object to the student body's Saturday exodus to Boston realize what those trips are going to mean to the girls in later years. It seems silly, I might say, harmful, at first glance. But how many, who bewail the custom, have lived far away from the centers of art and culture long enough to become hungry for that which is to be had in Boston? To these I need not appeal.

The girls may not realize what wonderful opportunities they are having to store their minds for meagre years when college has become a memory, but unconsciously they are doing what will help to make life a bigger, finer thing for them later on. For even the most frivolous musical comedy has some saving grace, whether it be a lilting melody or only the associations of the city itself. It is a human experience in the life of a great and famous city outside the walls of bookish theories and abstract problems.

This may not seem applicable to girls who have lived their lives in large cities and have never known a time when music, art, literature, the drama, were unobtainable. But practically no girl not a Bostonian has ever lived in, or will again live in the atmosphere she feels, unconsciously, perhaps, in Boston, unless she stays there.

For the Western girl, it is a revelation. It is a new world with strange people and she widens her horizon by brushing shoulders with the crowd in the subway or on the streets. She is in an atmosphere not dreamed of at home, no matter where that home has been. Nor is this experience limited to the Western girls. It is true of most girls from all over the country, except possibly New England, but especially so of girls from small communities where experience with people has been limited. They cannot but feel the persistent presence of culture which permeates everything. Even the newsboys have an Irish—or Italian—Bostonese accent.

If, then, the girls flock to Boston on Saturday, may it not be in answer to an unconscious call within themselves? For six days they have lived in an atmosphere of the femininely academic, happy and absorbed in the purely theoretical. That half-day's relaxation of change of surroundings ought to fit them for the resumption of the serious work of their lives, just as work in the gymnasium does. It ought to help them to keep in touch with the work-a-day world outside the walls of the purely intellectual. And speaking for many graduates and former students with whom I have talked, it would seem a great mistake to limit the Saturday trips to Boston.

College girls are not boarding-school girls. They ought to be able to choose wisely what they need and want. If they do not, it would seem wiser to help selection rather than limit opportunity. All of those with whom I have talked are unanimous in saying that the Saturdays and Mondays spent in Boston are among the most stimulating and enlightening experiences of their college lives. They stand for the realities of life viewed from the height of the theoretical, to which said theory was applied.

And because these trips to Boston mean much to them, it would seem unfortunate to limit the single half day which is now at the average student's disposal, thereby endangering some part, at least, of the humanizing influence in the college girl's academic career.

A Western Graduate.

OUR VILLA IN CARTHAGE.

Carthage, Tunisia, March 18, 1913.

It is not every day that one engages a room at a hotel and finds oneself in possession of an entire villa, and yet this is what has happened to us. Carthage revealed itself to our astonished eyes as a spot so lovely and so beseeching that the single day we had planned for it was not nearly enough. So we stopped at the little hotel, said we might return in a day or two, inquired if we could get a room, and were assured that we could.

Perhaps it was my French which was responsible for the result, or perhaps it was because few Americans come to this small Mediterranean town, and fewer stay. But whatever the reason, this evening when we arrived, the smiling proprietor seized our bags and led us, not into the hotel, but up the country road a little way, through a white pillared entrance, up a newly mowed path, to a small square villa with tiled and balustraded porch and long Moorish doors and windows. He flung open the door: behold a sitting-room, with center table, rugs, hanging lamp, easy chairs; behold three spotless, softly-tinted bedrooms, a bath, a tiled kitchen with shining white porcelain stove! Behold, outside a neatly swept garden with sanded walks, a small hedge of orange trees in fruit, a summer house and an arbor with climbing pink geraniums! Here and there are white seats which prove to be fragments of some ruined Roman capital or column, and there is a green latticed gate opening to the road behind. The proprietor inquires anxiously if we are afraid to stay here alone, and probably thinks that our speechless headshaking is due to our lack of fluent French, rather than to the whirl of emotions which has swept over us. He explains volubly that we may have our meals sent up from the hotel or may come for them at any hour we wish, shows how to drop the Venetian shutter over the door at night, and assuring us that he will return with hot water immediately, he vanishes.

We stare at each other as in a dream. We are in Carthage—and we look out over the shimmering water, over the fields with their tumbling heap of ruins and the road where the flocks are wending homeward. We are in Carthage, and we are in possession of a villa, a garden, a terrace and green latticed gate!

We make a minute examination of it all, and discover that the house has been freshly whitewashed, the flower beds freshly weeded for our arrival.

Above us on the right is a walled monastery; far away on the left gleams the next hillside village. Before us is the bay where once lay the ships of Tarshish which were the talk and wonder of the world. And, here too, is the beach, where "on such a night as this, stood Dido with a willow in her hand, and waved her love to come again to Carthage."

Hark—the same birds that in ancient days were heard by emperor or clown are singing as they sang three thousand years ago—still charming magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas.

We are in Carthage, in our own villa, and garden with a terrace and a green latticed gate; our own for a brief space as men may reckon time, but forever ours in the reckoning of memory.

AGNES ROTHERY, 1909.

(From Agnes Edwards' Diary of Travel in the Boston Herald.)

UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

JOINING THE ARMY.

"PHILIP dear, I think perhaps we'd better have that shade lowered. The sun is in father's face."

"Yes'm." After breaking his egg into a cup, Phil slowly unwound his long legs from the rung of his chair and shuffled listlessly over to the south window. As he returned to pick up his napkin and finish his egg, he tweaked Frances' hair ribbon quickly.

"Gosh, what a bow," and he curled his feet up under him again.

"Frances wouldn't let the sun shine in her face 'cause she's afraid she'll have freckles when she graduates." This from observing eight-year-old Marion.

"It's a cinch she has to look as decent as she can, because nobody can hear a thing she says. Ain't got no voice at all—poor little thing," and Phil prepared to snap his napkin at her by way of emphasis.

Mother, in order to avoid a very imminent quarrel, addressed her remarks to one combatant.

"Phil, you haven't taken out the furnace ashes yet. If you expect to be allowed to fix up that wireless station, you'll have to help me around the house. Now John Stewart's mother told me just yesterday . . . . "

Phil was already rummaging over the buffet top for his car book and book strap.

"Is this all the lunch a working man gets?" and he jammed the dainty package into a coat pocket, stuck on his checked cap, and tore down the front steps for the car just leaving the corner.

The assembled family watched his departure with very evident relief. Family breakfasts on hot, "muggy" May mornings are not, as a general thing, either particularly harmonizing or enjoyable, and this one seemed a little more than the usual exchange of family pleasantries.

"My, my—his father all over again," Aunt Ruth remarked, as she caught sight of Phil triumphantly catching onto the rear platform of the car.

"I remember when Tom was just about his age and father had planned to have a family group taken. Tom took it into his head he wouldn't go. We spent a whole morning persuading him—mother and I in tears all the while. When he finally did go, he looked so black he spoiled the whole picture. Time after time—"

At each succeeding word of reminiscence, Tom Ferrin burrowed his head a little farther into the stock page of the newspaper. Finally with the story which he had heard six times since Aunt Ruth's arrival, he crumpled his paper furiously, stared blackly at her for a minute, then fell to crunching his toast, alternating each mouthful with a rather martyr-like glance toward Aunt Ruth.

Again mother felt the danger line was being approached. Practice along such a line had made her proficient, and now she rushed forth with flushed cheeks to the rescue. This was a more difficult matter to remedy than that between Phil and Frances.

"Father, did you know Frances is to have an oration?"

"A what?" he demanded as though his wife were announcing that their daughter was making her debut and needed several new ball gowns.

"An oration—no, not Fourth of July, but when she graduates from school in two weeks."

Tom Ferrin turned a surprized, bewildered look on his daughter and regarded her in blank amazement for a second. Was that. . . that baby to graduate from high school? She was small, and pretty. Her light blue bow set off her fair skin and hair—she couldn't be old enough for that. Why, she was making an awful mess of her egg as usual—it was preposterous to think of that baby getting through fractions, let alone geometry. Nevertheless the baby put down her egg spoon and perked up her big sailor tie proudly.

"There are sixty in our class and only four have orations," she announced.

"Fine—dad's proud of you—taking after your mother—aren't you? Can we all sit in the front row?"

She pulled his moustache playfully

as he bent over her chair on his way to the hall.

"My goodness, mother—how old is Phil?"

"Sixteen last July," came from Aunt Ruth, promptly.

"We're getting old, we're getting old, mother," and he glanced at his watch. "Was that car going down or up?" and he hurried to the bay window.

A moment later, hat and paper in hand, he stuck his head in the hall door.

"Need anything from town to-day?—can't get home for lunch. What's your essay going to be about, Frances?"

There was a distinct pause while mother went on brushing his coat assiduously. Finally Aunt Ruth began—

"Now Tom, just because you don't believe in it yourself—"

"But I don't know what it is."

"It's, it's—," and Frances wrinkled up the table-cloth in angry little puffs—"it's—I didn't choose it—It's woman's suffrage."

If it had been silent before it was doubly so now. You could hear Cora washing dishes in the kitchen and the ice-man filling the refrigerator.

"Of all the subjects to give a child like you," he burst forth, emphasizing his remarks by hitting the door jamb with his folded up newspaper—"perfect nonsense. I'll not have you writing on such a subject. Why didn't they give you the Rise and Fall of the Consulate and Empire for something easy?"

"It's one of the most up-to-date subjects, Tom," put in Aunt Ruth.

"Suffrage—bah," and the paper ripped up one side. "Nonsense!" and he hurled it behind the radiator and banged the door.

Frances and mother hurried out after him.

"I didn't choose it, father," called Frances, tears in her eyes, but, like Phil, he had caught on the bottom step of the car.

"I had hoped Tom could help Frances with her essay, but that seems to be out of the question now," remarked mother, gathering up crumbs by Marion's place and folding Phil's napkin. "He is so prejudiced."

"Prejudiced," put in Aunt Ruth, "plain stubborn I should call it. When he was a little fellow we called it determination, but now it's nothing but plain stubbornness. I never saw such an ornery little boy, and I believe he is worse now. You just spoil him, Helen. If he was my husband, I'd give him mutton until he did like it. You just indulge him. What does he know about suffrage? Just what he has learned from some of those young fellows in the office. Why don't you take him to some lectures on the subject?"

"I've tried," answered mother, taking the withered bouquet from the table, "but once Marion had a sore throat and we couldn't go, and twice he wouldn't go. You know last spring when we were in Philadelphia, we heard Miss Pankhurst and I was"—here she paused to put in fresh flowers and view the effect, "I was positively ashamed of my husband. He made the most tactless remarks. At the reception afterwards he told Mrs. House that if he could see one attractive, really stylish woman who believed in suffrage he might be converted,—Imagine!"

Aunt Ruth set down her cup of coffee and preened herself.

"He has you and me."

"But—I—I—you know I don't really believe in it. . . . I mean I do, but Tom is so very much against it. And it's such a bad example to the children to have arguments."

At this point mother was called to find Marion's book strap, which had been used as a puppy leash by Phil and was accordingly missing. When she came back from kissing the two girls good-bye Aunt Ruth had a whole array of arguments, but mother forestalled them.

"I wonder if we can use those canteloupes we bought yesterday. It's too hot for soup these days, yet the children need something nourishing when they go to school. I don't like Marion's hair that way"—as they waved to her from the street,—"but she will wear it so."

"Does Tom ever go to the Woman's Club lectures?" asked Aunt Ruth.

"No, he doesn't see the children much anyway."

"Humph, I thought so," and Aunt Ruth drained her cup completely.

It was two weeks later and the early part of June. The hot midday sun beat down mercilessly on the little south

porch outside the dining-room. The shades were lowered and a tiny electric fan buzzed. Aunt Ruth fanned herself between bites as she sat in father's big chair. Marion, her fat little face red and shining, devoured unheard-of quantities of cottage cheese and lemonade. Suddenly the door burst open and father, very hot and dusty, with his panama on the back of his head, popped in.

"Just stopped for a minute, dear, on our way to look at that Bayview property. Looks like a big deal with the Salt Lake people. Could you just give us a snack of lunch? Osborne is in the machine outside." The pretty, dainty little table with its vase of pink rambler roses was sadly rifled when mother finished gathering up sandwiches, fruit and cake.

"It's a scorcher—you women ought to be glad you can stay at home to-day," he explained as mother went in search of a basket.

"It's almost too hot to go to the card club this afternoon," panted Aunt Ruth.

"I'm not going anyway," replied mother. "I've got to get this family's best clothes out on inspection for to-night. Phil has outgrown every pair of suspenders he ever had, and Marion's dress is too short, Frances's underskirt will show —it never fails—and besides, her hair won't go up. I've heard her mingling ejaculations and her essay every morning for a week while she was fixing it. I've pretty capable, but when it comes to getting five human beings dressed so they will be a credit to me, and remain so until we get to the armory, especially when one of them debates for forty-five minutes whether to wear four or five roses and whether she should have had higher or lower heels, is a task beyond me."

A few hours later mother rested for a few minutes in a willow chair on the porch. It wasn't quite time to dress, but Phil must be called from the empty lot across the street. Upstairs everything was spread out on its owner's bed. From the library she could hear Frances droning her oration. If the child didn't stop practising she would be a nervous wreck with her voice ruined. She did hope she could get along with it all right— It would please Aunt Ruth so. She hadn't heard it herself, but she knew that for many weeks the plucky child had stayed after school on hot afternoons working to be able to "convert" father. This converting father was begun by Aunt Ruth. It was impossible, yet nevertheless diverting.

Why wasn't father home? Probably that was the office machine coming up the hill now—no, it wasn't; well, she must go and hunt a pair of shoe laces for Phil. It didn't take men long to dress, so there was no need to worry.

Out in the cool of the country underneath some enormous old elms, father was devouring, as only a city man can, country ham and eggs.

"Wish we'd had time to try that old stream just for luck," he said, "but if you'll bring out the deed now we'll sign it and be on our way. Our machine isn't a 1913 model."

When he sat down at the red clothed table in the stiff "front room," he dipped in his pen reflectively. What was it that was happening to-day?—was it their anniversary?—mother's birthday, or the card club? He ran through their social program as he dated it. The tenth of June—surely it was a red letter day. His hand stopped in the signature.

"I'm the biggest ass," he blurted out. "To-day is the high school graduation and I'm twenty miles from it."

They started immediately for the machine and nearly ran over an officious hired man who held open the gate. The machine seemed fairly to crawl through the dust. Although the sun had gone down, it was as hot as before. They took off their hats and put them on the sack of rhubarb presented by the hospitable old farmer, and did their best to defy all speed laws. Some trouble with a broken plug did not help at all, and Ferrin felt called upon to remind Osborne that he was extremely clumsy with his hands. They both tried to fix it, but Ferrin, who knew nothing about machinery, gave himself up to sitting under a wild rose bush, listening to the crickets and wondering if Frances were yet reduced to tears and Aunt Ruth to moralizing, or, even worse, giving reminiscences. Both were very probbable.

A glance at the town clock assured them they would have no time to hurry home, since the exercises had already begun.

Another glance into a mirror in the foyer of the auditorium convinced him that he had better not try to sit with the family. He didn't have his ticket, and the man in the box office probably wouldn't believe that the dusty, red-burned, collar-wilted individual was father of one of the performers.

He bought a ticket to the gallery and clambered over two daintily gowned women to a vacant seat. A glance at the program reassured him—Frances came next—there it stood, "Frances Elizabeth Ferrin—The Freeing of Women," in black, bold type. Would that squeaky voiced boy never finish? Frances was at least pretty and graceful, if she did speak on that perfectly absurd subject. A further glance assured him of mother, Phil, Aunt Mary, and Marion all in their best clothes in the second row—all looking a little worried, a little proud, and rather anxious about the vacant seat in their row. He felt as never before, even in his most sentimental moments, the power of the Vacant Chair.

A thunderclap of applause greeted the youth's conclusion, and in a second Frances, prettier than ever in her paleness, came to the front of the stage. Her big blue bow was gone and her hair done low in her neck. Ferrin realized more than ever his own discomfort when he saw her cool white dress and shoes. For a minute she seemed unable to say a word, but stood, hands clasped, perilously near the edge of the platform. Then she looked—could it be?—straight at him, and began. At least he thought she began—her gestures from time to time indicated something of the sort, but not a word reached him. She looked so pretty, she must be saying something interesting. He hung as far over the balcony as he dared and grew rather uncomfortable when she never took her eyes from him. Once when the people behind him had settled down and the electric cars had ceased to roar by, he caught "classed with criminals, imbeciles and degenerates," and applauded vigorously. He spent the remainder of the time trying to sink down into his seat to hide his dirty collar and tie.

When she finished he fairly outdid himself applauding, and Frances's face behind her armful of red roses was pink and smiling. He knew nothing of what happened later—only he felt very hot and bored. Some of the essays were so childish, he reflected.

Although he searched everywhere for his family in the throng, he was just in time to see Frances hop into a machine with the youth of the squeaky voice and ride away. She was growing up, after all. He reluctantly caught the first car home, knowing that they were assembled in the living room to greet him. He delayed going up the steps as long as possible. At the screen door Frances, all smiles and roses, met him.

"Father, I never could have done it if you hadn't smiled at me so encouragingly—you're a dear—if you are all dusty."

"Tom Ferrin," and mother put her arm in his, "you're an awful sight, but I've a confession to make. I forgot to tell you to remember this evening and we saw you afterwards, but we came home without you to punish old dusty you. Aren't you proud of our daughter?"

"She's all right, if she doesn't know anything about suffrage," put in Phil.

"Aunt Ruth and I agree she was the best on the program. She does know something about suffrage. In fact I'm a helpless victim. I've been converted,"—and he pullled mother and Frances close—"by a pretty woman. You've done what Sylvia Pankhurst couldn't do, little girl, and I think all pretty women should vote," as he disentangled a thorny rose and Frances's head from his shoulder.

"Another recruit," groaned Phil.

EVELYN E. JAMIESON, 1914.

THE GREENHOUSE MAN.

(After Josephine Preston Peabody.)

Outside the snow lies white,
It drifts and piles where it can;
But here it is warm and light
Where I watch the greenhouse man.

His hands are long and brown,
He loves (his eyes are blue)
Each flower's colored gown.
I know I do, don't you?

I wonder if he thinks
It's all like fairies here?
The reddest fairy winks
And calls me, "Hear me, Dear?"

And swift he tells me tales
Of a hidden far-off land,
Where a mortal cries and wails
To be freed from the fairy band.

A leaf-green fairy man
Blows soft an elfin tune;
The roses sway—again
I almost think it's June.

The wind shrieks round the door;
It whistles and shakes where it can;
But here is fairy lore
Where I watch the greenhouse man.

Berenice Van Slyke, 1913.

THE STREETS OF BERLIN.

BERLIN streets have none of the self-consciousness of our American ones. There is no contention as to rank among them, for an all-wise, all-powerful Reigerung has settled things once for all. Streets there never say, "Isn't it ridiuclous that I am a street, when you can all see I should be a boulevard at least?" Streets are Gassen, Strassen, Alleen, Damme or Chausseen as the case may be, and there is an end of it. True, the Damme and Chausseen sometimes have a look of haughty superiority, but the air seems inherited as with some of our fine old Colonial estates. Each thoroughfare frankly admits its own status: there is no sudden doubling out of sight of an unsightly and ragged end. Shops, if they are squalid and dejected, are openly so; they masquerade behind no barricade of pretentious signs. The people, too, whether or not from some inborn conviction that a Prussian can do no wrong, carry on their most intimate business in the streets. A family draws a lumbering cart piled high with household goods unconcernedly along the most thriving business street of the West End; around the corner a mother chastises a wayward son in the good old-fashioned way; children, with the insolence of the Prussian rather than the innocence of their years, repair deficiencies of their dress along the curb-stones. The arm of the butcher-boy goes easily around the waist of the be-aproned maidservant; the laborer drinks his beer and eats his Schwarzbot outside the Bier halle; in short, all lower-class Berlin literally carries on the business of life in the streets.

Quite the opposite is true, of course, of hochwohlgeboren society. The fine lady does not venture upon the avenue until every veil pin and every glove button is fastened to her satisfaction. I do not believe she would even use her handkerchief on the street. When she rides, as she almost always does, for whole portions of the city are threaded with carefully tended bridle paths, she is a sternly-boned, eminently conventional figure.

In spite, however, of the many uses to which they are put, the streets of Berlin shine with cleanliness. In the poorer quarters, down in the Street of the Holy Ghost or Bishop's Alley, the wind may trace a tiny whirlwind of dust over the smooth cobblestones, but elsewhere one can see one self mirrored in the shining asphalt. This, too, is due to the ever-vigilant Polizei, an institution universally feared and obeyed. If one throws a bit of paper on the ground, it is in imminent danger of the lock-up; persons of a dare-devil disposition have been known to drop their street-car tickets, crumpled very small, into the gutter, but I always carefully preserved mine. I remember seeing some

long streamers of confetti lying on the sidewalk the day after Silvesterabend, and my knees shook under me. Fancy the effect of an apple-core or a banana peel! On rainy days there is, unavoidably, I suppose, a thin overlay of ooze on the wooden blocks; it is fascinating then to watch the gray-uniformed street cleaners, three or four abreast, roll the yellow mud along with their rubber mops.

The buildings add much to the general appearance of cleanliness and neatness. They are nearly all of cement or of a hard gray-white stone, and of uniform four-story height. In the same street, the buildings have the same general architectural features; details may vary, but one house looks much like its neighbors. This does not happen by chance. A wealthy banker once wished to build an Italian palace on the best residence Allee, but the city fathers refused the necessary permission because a house of that sort would not accord with the prevailing architectural style. I can picture their horror at Fifth Avenue! The effect, while clean and airy, is monotonous; one welcomes the vivid splash of color of the unusual brick house, and the gay little plots in the squares, while if it were not for the slender spires of the churches and the round tops of trees, the sky line would be quite unbroken.

Yet the streets are most picturesque. At almost every other street corner there is a little oddly shaped square, gayly planted with bright flowers. Children play there, of course, dirty, bedraggled little imps with serious faces, and beautifully dressed little aristocrats with their Spreewald nurses. These have retained their curious native costume,—the short, full skirt, bright pink or blue or red—buckled shoes, velvet jacket, and wonderfully starched and folded white head-dress, with a tiny apron to match. The wrinkled flower-women with their gay wares light up the street-corners and their "Janz schen—kofen sie een" gives the ear the same thrill that the Spreewald costume causes the eye.

The Spreeufer, too, no matter where one meets it, is sure to be picturesque. If one comes upon it from the cool depths of the Tiergarten, the sight of the stately houses on the farther side, with the brown water so motionless within its narrow confines, strikes one like an old picture. Further down a tall yellow pier catches a warm ray of sunlight and warms it into life. If one follow the Spree still farther down towards its mouth where other branches join it, one seems to step into the Middle Ages. Great heavy, flat-bottomed boats are being poled along by strong silent men. Occasionally one glimpses the head of a curious woman thrust out from a scuttle. Often she has a peasant's head-dress, and there are peasant's clothes drying on the line stretched between the corners of the deck. She will meet one's stare with a sullen, frightened look. Little rowboats dart about among the flatboats; their chief aim is the confusion of the boatmen; unloading fruit and vegetables is quite a secondary concern.

One has drifted with the Spree to the Museuminsel. The Kaiser Friedrich Museum planted firmly at the top of it, where the two arms of the slow-moving river come together, faces one hostilely like some mediæval fortress. Yet just behind it workmen are raising a startlingly white Greek temple, and to the left across the bridge are the long low lines and warm hues of the Kinderklinik! It lies curiously, this Museum Island, nosing into the commercial quarter, and turning its back squarely on the palaces of emperor and prince, although some of its art galleries to that side are not so ill-mannered.

Groups of students swing past on their way to or from one of the quaint restaurants where one may get a good dinner for fifteen cents, "bier inclusif," selbtverständlich. Their jaunty air and free step would proclaim them, did not the colored caps, slashed faces, and large and impressive leather portfolios. Two girl students appear; they, too, would be difficult to mistake. The stamp of a great purpose is on their brows, obscured by no interfering curls or strands of hair; the fire of intellectual fervor blazes from behind their eye-glasses. They display a fine disregard for the niceties of dress, and one feels that they must be very noble and virtuous. But Vice, swinging his walking stick across the the street, is so much more attractive!

Perhaps one follows them as far as the yard of the University. There the sombre pile frowns dusty and academic; a group of laborers repairing the Dorotheen Strasse seems to offer more variety. There are about twenty of them,—short, sturdy, silent, clad in clothes of a nondescript color and character. A cart in their midst supports a huge, glowing brazier of copper, from which the smooth handles of pickaxes and drills protrude in all directions. A keg of black tar drips slowly into a wide-mouthed pail. Several workmen are seated around the brazier in the cart, others stand about in ungraceful attitudes. The red glow of the coals lights up their bronzed faces: one fancies a group of gnomes surprised at Vulcan's forge. Away to the left four workmen are solemnly driving a stake. Each in turn lifts his mallet high above his head and with his whole strength brings it down upon the stake. Perfect economy, not a superfluous action, not a stroke fails of its goal. Suddenly tools are thrown aside, and everyone throws back his head. Passers-by stand still and gaze at the sky. A curious whirring sound, and presently the long, tan-colored airship,—"Das Militärluftschiff!"—glides into view. Having satisfied themselves that it is still whole, the pedestrians lose all interest in so common a sight, and leisurely go about their business.

No one hurries in Berlin. It would be as bad form as to greet a fellow-student at the University or to refrain from the "Hoch, der Kaiser!" I have spent three-quarters of an hour in registering a letter, and then thinking to make up lost time by taking the train down town, I have waited fifteen minutes in a drizzling rain—it is always drizzling in Berlin, —for the right car, only to have it sail by, while the conductor complacently remarks "Besezt!" The seats are all taken and the passengers can't have some one jostling them in the aisle, because that person is vulgar enough to be in a hurry. But why should these people hurry? They have all day, and all night, and if that be not enough, all to-morrow. The shops are open until nine o'clock—the restaurants never close. In winter the streets are garishly lighted up from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine the next morning. Life does not really begin until the electricity is turned on. The shop-windows glow; crowds stream up and down the main streets,—leisurely, interested, chattering in a hundred languages. Wicked, leering little Japs pass; grave Chinese ministers of state with leather portfolios; sometimes a couple of Oriental children, clad in wondrous-colored fabrics. Officers and soldiers punctiliously receiving and giving salutes, or detachments of infantry or cavalry returning to barracks, add gay notes of color and sound; trim Americans, chattering in their high-pitched voices, vainly try to push ahead; the occasional party of English with their queer clothes and pleasant voices, deliberates at the street crossings; German housewives with their arms full of bundles forge stolidly ahead, aloof from the crowd. The German man, on the other hand, lets his eye linger lovingly upon the crowd, as if it were in some sort the work of his hands, and he had a right to be proud of it.

Life is at its height about the "middle of the evening," anywhere from eleven to three. Then Berlin loses whatever peculiarities it possesses and becomes purely cosmopolitan. The same procession flickers by as in every large city,—restless youth, and disillusioned age, ladies bearing a startling resemblance to the Secession posters flaring on the walls beside them, lone, hurrying street women with their bitter painted smiles, merry crowds of students, returning playgoers,—all eager and restless. The lights shine steadily, the wind blows a fresh breath down the avenue, and the tree-tops sigh mysteriously. Uncomprehendingly one feels the wild longing, the pulsing and the throbbing; Life is beating in one's ears. One does not know what it all means,—one does not care to know—but one is ready to cast one's fate with that of the flickering procession. The spectator will no longer watch the streets,—he will be of them.

ELIZABETH R. HIRSH, 1913.

OCHRIDA BLUE.

Six or seven years ago some verses called Ochrida Blue were published by A. Balabanoff. The allusions seem to me so timely that we reprint them. They have been set to a beautiful melody.

Translated, with editorial foot-note, from the Bulgarian daily, Mie. The capital of the Balkans under the great Tsar Simeon was on Lake Ochrida and tradition tells of ruins buried beneath its waters

A. I. Locke.

I know of a sceptre 'neath Ochrida blue,
Bejewelled with rubies of ruddiest hue,
And whoso shall pluck it from waters so cold
Shall straightway be crowned in Solon stronghold.
From Danube to Marmora he shall be king,
The King of the Balkans, as singers do sing.

I know of a lyre beneath Ochrida blue
Bejewelled with rubies of ruddiest hue,
And whoso shall pluck it from waters so cold
Shall straightway make verses of beauty untold.
His name to the ages with glory shall ring,
The Bard of the Balkans, as singers do sing.

I know a wee cottage by Ochrida blue,
All covered with grape-vines and hidden from view,
Within the wee cottage there sits a dear maid,
What pearls in her mouth, and what gold in her braid!
To you be the sceptre, the lyre and the rue,
To me the wee cottage by Ochrida blue.

HOW THE TRANSPORTATION OF ARAB SOLDIERS, JUST ENLISTED INTO THE TURKISH ARMY, WAS MANAGED.

THE shores of the little harbor of Tripoli were thronged with countless gaily clad Arabs, all waiting to be taken to Beirut, to join the Turkish army. The tiny Russian ship, on which we were passengers, was the only vessel in sight, and therefore was the center of interest. For a ship of its size, it already had an enormous number of passengers on board. Those of the first class were crowded into a tiny cabin in the stern of the ship and had one little deck, just large enough to allow them to assemble to see the worse condition of their neighbors. These were the deck passengers, who lay huddled together on the deck below, so crowded that there was not even room to walk through between them, every spare inch of space being occupied by blankets and bundles of food, for these passengers had to sleep out on the deck at night and were not furnished any food by the ship. Looking down into the hull of the vessel, Turkish soldiers in their tan uniforms could be seen, playing games, singing or dancing in their weird way, or eating their portions of bread and water out of huge common bowls.

How great then was our surprise, to see small boats, filled with Arabs, heading straight for our ship! Boat after boat followed, and, as they drew nearer us, we could see how very crowded they were, each one holding about forty or fifty men. The Arabs, all standing, presented a most extraordinary picture in their gayly colored, long, loose robes and with their scarfs bound to their heads by coils of rope, wound round and round. Upon approaching our ship's ladder, the little boats halted, and a dark, impetuous officer sprang out. The step from the boats to the ladder was a high one, the robes of the Arabs were very long and loose and naturally got in the way, and, as a final incumbrance, each Arab carried with him huge bundles and numerous bottles, evidently all his worldly possessions. Almost every Arab tripped on his robe and fell down, half on the ladder and half in the water, all his possessions tumbling with him. Thereupon the officer, instead of giving a helping hand to the unfortunate one, lifted his whip and struck the poor creature, who was vainly endeavoring to struggle to his feet, such a blow that he fell down again stunned, only to pick himself up the next minute to be out of the way of more unfortunate ones. However, the Arabs never seem to get discouraged,

but take all harsh treatment as a matter of course. So it was with each one. The whipping continued steadily and yet was scarcely noticed by the Arabs. As a result of all the stumbling and whipping and falling, their entrance into our ship was very slow, but, at the same time, most interesting.

The thought that bothered us was how all the many, many Arabs could find room for themselves in our already crowded ship. But the soldiers were treated very much like so many cattle, and as long a there was standing room for them on the ship, they were expected to be contented. Standing room! It could hardly be called even that. All the hundreds of Arabs were jammed together on the bow of the boat. There they had to stand all day long, unable to move, much less to sit down, and without a bite to eat. Yet no discontent was shown. On the contrary, they seemed very happy and full of life. In the afternoon, when one of their officers made them a speech, they were so enthusiastic and shouted so loudly, that the whole ship seemed to tremble from the noise.

At last the beautiful harbor of Beirut came within sight, and, as the little boats flocked around our ship to take us ashore, the Arabs' shout of joy rang still stronger and clearer, seeming to say, "We are happy, no matter how we are treated. We are contented with the management of our military affairs, because we know of no better way. If you wish us to find fault, you must teach us."

MARION GRAY WARNER, 1916.

A PLEA FOR AN AWAKENING

VERY often we are told that the "life" at college is what makes the four years worth while. Most of us are firmly convinced that it is so. We do not fail to give due importance to studies, but we appreciate particularly the advantages of meeting with our fellow-beings. Naturally, conceptions of "life" vary. Most of us pass through all the stages of spreads, Socialist clubs, and suffrage lectures, not being at all sure which is most typical. And after a while some of us come to the realization that what we seek is association with people who are thinking and doing things. We begin to look for those of our fellow-students who seem to represent the vital forces of college life.

A severe jolt startles the earnest seeker after intellectual refreshment at most colleges of to-day. Something is not quite as it should be. The majority of these girls are not giving or taking from the college all that they might. The young Socialist in "Stover at Yale" declares that one pays good money for tuition, not to give but to get. But we are apparently doing neither to any appreciable degree.

The question at present is: What does college do to justify its claim to the title of an intellectual centre? Surely it ought to have that title. A college is, according to all traditions, an institution of learning: and it is supposed to be a sort of breeding place of good taste, of refinement, of cultured criticism, and intelligent creation. It would not be hard to devise an establishment at which a girl might live quite elegantly, if she chose, and find plenty of time to complete her musical education in comic operas without skipping the serial stories in all the current magazines. It would not be required that she read Galsworthy or even know that John Warfield exists. She would owe it to nobody to think a thought or form an idea beyond her elected horizon. She would be under no intellectual obligations whatsoever. But a college is founded on a different basis. Since it heads the institutions for general education, it ought to affect its students so that they may become real influences in the thought and progress of their small communities and, consequently, of the whole country.

No college can bring this about by the mere strength of its courses and the worth of its professors. The standard of scholarship is not a determining feature. Here at Wellesley our rewards are not easily won, and Phi Beta Kappa is a recognition of attainment not to be lightly regarded. Our girls do good work as far as work goes. And there lies the trouble. When work stops, that is the end of it. The final touch put to a paper is, in reality, the final touch.

Work and play are entire strangers, and, if they meet now and then, it is but an occasion for one to nod coldly to the other. The relation that should exist between the two, that happy amicable state in which clear, good thought becomes the keenest sort of play, and the most enjoyable play shows the effect of thought—this is practically lacking. We decide that we need relaxation. We read Gouverneur Morris' latest rubbish. Why? Because it is considered good form to be acquainted with all current literature, regardless of merit. We have been told almost as long as we have lived in college that everyone needs a "lark" sometimes. Glancing hastily at the theatre column, we go to see the "Firefly" in preference to the Irish Players, because "we've thought enough for one week." We fail to grasp the significance of true relaxation. We do not see that inane trash stultifies instead of invigorating; that froth is no more refreshing than nothing at all.

We talk of co-operation and co-ordination. But in this business of brains, we fail to co-ordinate, to relate our work to our lives. For example, we write one good, intelligent statement in criticizing a piece of fiction for a literature course. Do we think of applying that same standard to one of the charming novels we read on the train? Our psychology, our history, our language courses offer purely academic interests. We do not attempt to link them with our common lines of thought—they are too much like the "best parlors" of New England fame, not to be enjoyed every day but requiring assiduous duty and not too frequent exhibitions to visitors.

Then, too, there is another field in which we make no attempt to formulate standards of taste. Occasionally we turn our clever minds to creative work. And we abuse those clever minds so shamefully that it is a wonder we are permitted to keep them. It is a precious trust, that power to make, to do. How often are we worthy of it? While we are at college, being young, we must perforce imitate. And following a curious human twist, we do not always imitate the best. The enormous waste of good brains and good ability is appalling.

How is it that some girls of indisputable mental possibilities prefer cheap books to good ones? Why do they talk, see and write, drivel, instead of at least aiming for something better? The charge of cowardice is unpleasant, yet cowards we are. We're afraid, afraid, afraid! We fear the concealed smile of the Senior we admire when we give forth what she thinks a "highbrow" opinion. We fear the scorn of the youth who comes to see us when he finds that we do not dislike Ibsen. We fear the papers with their cartoons of suffragettes and the acquaintances who believe us poseurs. We will not allow people to say with arched eyebrows," Oh, she has been to college!" in that explanatory tone that damns our four years and our bachelor's degree.

Why are we ashamed of bearing the impress of the college we sentimentally serenade as our Alma Mater? If we do not want to reflect her teaching, why, oh, why, do we overcrowd an institution which we are hindering in the fulfilment of a sacred trust? How can this foster parent, dedicated to our intellectual development, be consistently loved and respected if she sends us away superficially a little cleverer but fundamentally not a whit saner than when we arrived?

We are individually to blame if our college does not succeed in her purpose. We are at fault through our own failure to appreciate true standards, to discriminate, to select. A class of girls notable for small talk and dress rather than for force and individuality becomes powerful within our walls. Some of us even thank Heaven for the fashionable dolls whose appearance will save us all from the reputation of being "frumps." But the young woman who has a few ideas unconnected with the latest dances she whom we call the typical college girl, is never a frump. She has too much sense not not to make herself as attractive as possible, knowing that a dowdy, unkempt woman has no charm, however massive her brain. And she impresses the world with her good taste in dress, as well as in speech, amusement, and thought. Unfortunately, this young woman is not so strongly in evidence in the colleges as she should be. She is the type that ought to predominate, that ought to represent the college. After we begin to realize where we fall short of the desirable, she will soon make her appearance.

It is odd that a community as wide-awake as Wellesley should be so long in

opening her eyes to the present situation. But the fact that we alone are not to be blamed does not lessen our responsibility. We are naturally progressive. We talk continually about changes, we wrangle over point systems, and honor systems, and non-academic activities, until the words become fairly tattered from over-use. We are everlastingly reforming forms and we make no effort to strengthen the bond between our lives and our work, and, in this way, to create that atmosphere of intellectual zest and activity which ought to prevade and enrich our college life.

SYLVIA T. GOULSTON, 1914.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IDA H. APPENZELLER,
President of Christian Association.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION ELECTIONS.

PRESIDENT: Ida H. Appenzeller.
VICE-PRESIDENT: Elizabeth Limont.
MISSIONARY COMMITTEE: Miss Nichols.
RELIGIOUS MEETINGS COMMITTEE: Miss Stone.
TREASURER: Ruth Lindsay.
MISSION STUDY COMMITTEE: Margaret Christian.
BIBLE STUDY COMMITTEE: Helen Husted.
SOCIAL COMMITTEE: Calma Howe.
EXTENSION COMMITTEE: Eleanor Boyer.
GENERAL AID COMMITTEE: Frances Alden.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY: Mary Torrence.
RECORDING SECRETARY: Katharine Balderston.

THE WORK OF THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE.

"It will be a hundred-year job to transform the shopping mob into enlightened, intelligent people," someone warned the inaugurators of the Consumers' League at the time of its formation, fourteen years ago; but he was met only by the cheery reply: "Then the sooner we get started, the better."

What the purpose of the League has been since that courageous beginning, was made clear to us in a lecture in College Hall Chapel, on Monday night, April 21, by Mrs. Florence Kelly, the National Secretary. A bare summary of her forceful statements may be of interest to the large number who missed the opportunity of hearing her.

This year, there will be held in Antwerp the second quinquennial conference of the International Consumers' League. At the first conference, held in Geneva in 1908, twenty countries were represented. By 1910, England had put into successful operation a minimum wage law for four entirely unlike trades. In Australia such a law exists in practically all trades. Just at this time in America, there is "a great prairie fire of a movement" in that direction, which is taking a wrong course in all too many cases. It is a hard problem, to manage industrial legislation in forty-eight states with such varied constititions. "The Progressive Party came along, adopted the idea, cut off its head and tail, and made a hideous cripple of it. Now the Consumers' League tries to rehabilitate it." Instead of carrying the whole spirit of democracy into industry, as England has done, the Progressives have made their bills apply only to women. In confining trade boards to women, a most inportant social benefit has been ignored. The trade board should keep track of the men, and their ability or non-ability to support their families.

If we are enlightened and conscientious consumers—if we do not add to the Saturday and Christmas rushes, and if we go to the inconvenience of insisting upon Consumers' League labels—we shall have a moral claim upon proper industrial conditions. We must get men into the legislatures and the courts who understand and can interpret our ideals. Our fundamental principles are wrong. If we had the ideal that all industry ought to be as agreeable as any of college, we have the wealth and the technical devices to carry it out. Men purify the air in their factories for the benefit of their laces and candies, and regulate their temperature for the best preservation of their meat and furs. They can do as much for human beings. The revolution of thought which will bring such ideals into industry will be no greater than the revolution in the attitude toward slavery, which characterized the last generation. The attention of the college to the social and industrial problems of the day is a great asset in realizing this aim.

There are three things which consumers must do, to bring about this ideal of pleasant, humane, industrial conditions: first, to know what present evil conditions exist; second, to insist upon legislation against those conditions; and third, to be willing to pay for the change.

VOTE FOR ILLUSTRATIONS.

It has occurred to the present board that the NEWS would be more interesting if illustrated. We have voted to have it so, if possible, and the Committee on Publications has passed on our proposal. It now remains for the student body to agree to it. We ask for your hearty support, and for your vote "Yes" or "No" on the following amendment, on May 2, at the elevator table.

Amendment I to Constitution of COLLEGE NEWS:

The WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS shall be permitted to contain illustrations in both its weekly and monthly issues, as follows:

1. Approved pictures of Barn, Class and Society plays, of Field Day, May Day, Tree Day and Float.

2. Approved pictures of individuals prominent in college (as is now allowed).

3. Other pictures of general interest (such as pictures of new buildings).

4. Decorative cuts.

This shall be permitted so long as the NEWS is able to meet the expenditure caused thereby, and no longer.

BOCCACCIO MANUSCRIPTS IN THE LIBRARY.

Some of the most valuable Boccaccio manuscripts in our Plimpton Collection are being exhibited this week in the second floor corridor of the College Library to commemorate the six hundredth anniversary of Boccaccio's birth. Among the most famous are two manuscripts of "The Life of Dante" dating from 1477, and some remarkable annotated reference books. No member of the college should fail to examine this exhibition.

BASEBALL GAME.

An enthusiastic audience watched the Senior-Junior baseball game at Hemenway Hall on the afternoon of April 26. The score was 17-5 in favor of 1913. The teams were as follows:

	1913.	1914
P.	Ada Herring	Gladys Gorman
C.	Josephine Guion	Kathryn Schmidt
1st B.	Stella Ream	Frances Robinson
2d B.	Helen Ryan	Marjory Boynton
3d B.	Elizabeth Brown	Marjorie Menamin
R. S. S.	Gladys Cole	Marjory Day
L. S. S.	Marjorie Cowee	Elizabeth McConaughy
R. F.	Gladys Smith	Henrietta Gilmore
L. F.	Janet Moore	Ida Appenzeller
Substitutes:	Helen Logan	Dorothea Havens
		Helena Stewart

W'S were awarded to:

1913.	1914.
Ada Herring	Gladys Gorman
Josephine Guion	Kathryn Schmidt
Stella Ream	Marjorie Menamin
Elizabeth Brown	Elizabeth McConaughy
Marjorie Cowee	

COLLEGE CALENDER.

Saturday, May 3, in the afternoon, May Day Festival.

Evening, 1914 Social.

Sunday, May 4, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11 A. M. Preacher, Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr. Vespers, 7 P. M. Address by Rev. Tissington Tatlow, General Secretary of British Student Movement.

Monday, May 5, Shakespeare Society House, 7.30 P. M., Deutscher Verein will give a Farce.

Tuesday, May 6, College Hall Chapel, 4.30 P. M. Address by Professor Norton for all students intending to teach.

Wednesday, May 7, Christian Association meeting at College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P. M. Leader, Ida Appenzeller, 1914. Subject: "A look forward." St. Andrew's Church, 7.15 P. M. Leader, Frances Bogert. Subject: "The brotherhood of man."

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SPRING FEVER.

On the afternoon and evening of April 23, a Sophomore-Freshman frolic enlivened the routine of college life. We would avoid the Dragon Publicity, and touch but lightly on the exchange of class presidents, and the sundry automobile and bicycle rides enjoyed by members of both classes. Neither will we describe the parade, or the signs illuminating Center next morning. It is of what such a spring frolic typifies that we would discourse. At this time a year ago, we were still faithfully keeping up the Wellesley tradition of Forensic Burning. Sophomores were "on guard"—delightful and mysterious performance! They had whistles and flashlights and passwords, which were insignificant in themselves, but which stood for something that is, to our mind, essential. When a whistle blew, girls came running together who had hardly known each other before; they whispered, consulted, planned. 1914 got acquainted. Girls who couldn't play hockey or basket-ball, who couldn't write songs, who couldn't do anything unusual or distinctive for their class, had suddenly a chance to serve it. They became a vital part of it, class spirit grew, and inter-class spirit waxed strong. Nobody had time to be lazy or have the more languorous forms of spring fever. There was a healthy, invigorating excitement in the air. Life was just like an adventure!

Nor did we let the academic suffer. Guarding periods stand out most vividly in our memories, yet they only came once or twice a day. And in the long stretches between, we did our lessons faithfully, as the class-room records prove. It was a point of class honor to do them. In our opinion, the Forensic Burning excitement gave an added zest to lessons. It acted like a tonic to rouse us from that lethargy too often felt on sunny days, and to make us put a keen effort into everything we undertook.

1913 has burned its Forensic, and 1914's guarding days are over. But those days are not handed down to 1915. They are over for good! We can only bewail them now, and say, "Wasn't it wonderful!" And we suppose that bye and bye folks will say: "Yes, you know a while back they used to have 'Forensic Burning.' The Juniors tried to burn it, and the Sophomores guarded, or something like that."

Yet, spring fever does and will exist, for though authorities may change laws, they cannot change girl-nature. And there's a something in us that is not forever satisfied with nice little parties, and Sunday-school picnics. Though Forensic Burning may be abolished, there's a kind of spring fever that—who can keep down?

THE AWARDING OF W'S.

There is an undercurrent of discussion about awarding W's, which reaches little climaxes at certain times of the year. After Indoor Meet you hear people say: "Why should a girl who already has a W in Indoor Meet, be given one again? Why should a girl get two Ws in basket-ball? People are never given but one Phi Beta Kappa key for excellence in studies. Why should not the W be just as high a prize in athletics?" And then someone answers: "Yes, but good athletics deserve a W just as much one time as another. Awarding them is a wonderful incentive, not only for keeping training, but for every girl's best effort."

Both arguments sound convincing, yet neither entirely satisfies, unless we are decided already. To answer the question satisfactorily we must decide how valuable we want our Ws to be. If only awarded once in a sport they are more valuable; if given twice in the same sport, their worth is lessened. Why not have the W, once awarded, a

Wanted to Purchase—A Canoe Boat

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something to ever after live up to, an honor too high to be reconferred?

As for getting Ws in different sports, why not have them different? This is done in men's colleges, and it seems wisely. Sports would then be more distinctive, and a girl's devotion to her own special sport greater.

FREE PRESS.

I.

Representation Without Taxation.

"Taxation without Representation" has turned nations topsy turvy. It would cause a revolution in our college government if it existed. Reverse the slogan, however, and you more nearly approach our present state of affairs. The college year is four-fifths over, and on the Student Government Bulletin Board is—and has been for some time—a long list of names. Just look down that list! There are some eminent citizens among them, who have done a goodly share of "representing." All of them, we venture to state, have voiced their "Aye's" and "No's" and cast their ballots. Yet none of them have fulfilled their duty of taxpayers. What shall the state do with them?

1915.

II.

Concerning Lectures.

All through the year the college gives us the opportunity to know what the world is thinking and doing, by bringing able and experienced men and women to lecture to us on their own particular work. These lectures are attended by only a mere handful of girls, compared to the number in college. A striking example of this was seen on the evening of April 21, when Mrs. Florence Kelley, one of America's most influential woman citizens, gave her interesting talk on the work of Consumers' League to less than one hundred people. What is the matter with us? Do we think we cannot afford the time for such things? If we do, it is evident that we need a readjustment of our days (and nights), for any girl, under ordinary conditions, ought to be able to arrange her work so as to leave one evening a week for obtaining some knowledge of current events. Or do we consider an entirely academic seclusion, away from the work and problems of our day, desirable? Surely the modern spirit is against such a narrow view of things, and if we are going to get a preparation here in college for our life afterwards, it is imperative that we have an intelligent idea of what the community is going to expect of us as college women. But if our absence from these lectures is due to

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laziness or thoughtlessness—do let's brace up! The demands of college life are exhausting, but we must not forget that we need to know about the world outside this little academic and social one of ours if we are ever going to be able to live intelligent lives in it. 1915.

PHI BETA KAPPA ROUND TABLE.

For the past three years the Wellesley Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa has maintained the happy custom of an annual "Round Table," inviting some notable educator to lead a discussion upon educational problems. This year, on March 21, the society was honored by a visit from President Meiklejohn of Amherst College, who read a paper upon "The Function of the College," and initiated thereby a spirited and stimulating discussion which the members present—had trains and rules permitted—would gladly have continued until midnight..

President Meiklejohn began by showing the fallacy of the common notion that the life of the thinker, of the scholar, is one of ease and serene detachment. On the contrary, his mind must be, as some one has said the mind of Darwin was, "a perfect slaughter-house of innocent mistakes." In a world where error is so fatally easy and so inexorably punished, the effort of thought brings not peace, but a sword. Thinking is strife, warfare, eager and passionate conflict.

But in what does thinking consist? The process analyzed proves to be the attempt to unify, to find the single law binding together scattered phenomena. In our own day the thinker must seek to reconcile three types of conflicting interests, has three chief battles to fight. There is first the world-old conflict between the hedonist and the Puritan; between the claim of pleasure, the instinctive recognition that the world is good and to be enjoyed, and the claim of the spiritual life, of the ascetic ideal with its insensitiveness to color and sweetness and human joy. There is, again, the religious conflict between the doubter, the questioner, who refuses to trust himself to any faith for which he does not find abundant evidence, and the man of faith who finds in life a deeper meaning than his intelligence can analyze or explain. Finally, and especially in our own time, there is an economic conflict between the old order and the new. On one side there is the stability of the recognized order, with profound distrust of new experiments; on the other a judging of the established order by ideal standards, a growing belief that the function of wealth is to subserve human needs, a reckless, passionate demand for a reform that shall bring together the wealth and the human need that have been divorced. We can see the vast conflict gathering. It is the duty of the thinker to judge truly and wisely the issues involved.

The training of the thinker competent to deal with these questions is—or should be—the mission of the college. If it does this work well, it can have no time to devote to "vocational" or professional training. And to do this work well is to give the college course a reality and significance it now, in general, lacks. With such training, a youth should go forth into the world prepared to do two things—to fight, and to wait: to work with a will toward the solution of problems which can be solved, to be patient concerning problems as yet impossible of solution.

In the discussion that followed, many interesting questions arose, such as the relation of various studies to the function of the college, the possibility of obtaining instructors equipped to carry out the program suggested, the value of awakening young people first of all to the most momentous, the most vital problems. Though no one felt that in this brief evening any issue had even begun to be settled every one present felt that he had undergone a process of unsettling most wholesome, most prophetic.

J. M. B.

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SOCIETY PROGRAM MEETINGS.

Society Alpha Kappa Chi.

Society Alpha Kappa Chi presented "The Daughters of Troy" by Euripides, using the Arthur S. Way translation, at their program meeting on April 26.

Scene: The Greek camp before Troy.

Part I.

Poseidon.....Linda Henly
Athena.....Mildred Knowlton

Part II.

Hecuba.....Ruth Woodward
Talthybius.....Alice Hall
Cassandra.....Madelyn Worth
Andromache.....Lucia Bailey
Astyanax.....Miriam Shoe

Part III.

Hecuba.....Dorothy Dennis
Talthybius.....Alice Hall
Menelaus.....Elizabeth Ford
Helen.....Ruth Waldron
Chorus.....Cecelia Garety, Mabel Barr

Shakespeare Society Program Meeting.

Twelfth Night.

Act II, Scene V.

Maria.....Elizabeth Brown
Malvolio.....Elizabeth Slattery
Sir Toby Belch.....Frances Williams
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Helen South
Fabian.....Letteria Villari

Act III, Scene IV.

Olivia.....Marian Parsons
Viola.....Olive Croucher
Maria.....Elizabeth Brown
Antonio.....Ida Appenzeller
Malvolio.....Elizabeth Slattery
Sir Toby.....Frances Williams
Sir Andrew.....Helen South
Fabian.....Letteria Villari
First Officer.....Barbara Hahn
Second Officer.....Mary Rosa

Act V, Scene I.

Olivia.....Marian Parsons
Viola.....Olive Croucher
Duke Orsius.....Alice Mulligan
Malvolio.....Elizabeth Slattery
Sebastian.....Marjorie Cowee
Antonio.....Ida Appenzeller
Sir Andrew.....Helen South
Fabian.....Letteria Villari
First Officer.....Barbara Hahn
Priest.....Susan Wilber
Clown.....Virginia Moffatt

Papers:

Plot of Twelfth Night.....Mary Burd
Shakespeare News.....Evelyn Wells

Phi Sigma Fraternity.

On Saturday evening, April 26, Phi Sigma Fraternity had a Tradition meeting. Miss Montague, Miss Bates, Miss Brooks, Mrs. Edith White Norton, '93, Miss Batchelder, Miss Manwaring and Mrs. Alice Rossington Pickard outlined the history of the society in short informal talks.

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PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

"SPRING FEVER."

Sing a song of picnics, picnics in the pit,
Sophomores a-singing, in a circle sit;
Someone in an auto toward South Natick riding,
Scout on a bicycle to scene of action gliding;
'16 in College Hall, having a class meeting,
'15 in the pit, all song—competing.

Sing a song of p-rades, p-rades in the spring,
Little sister trying big sister to out-sing.
Biggest sister loudest cheers to Sophomores' delight,
Littlest sister grand good sport, spite of gay torch-light.
College all a-stirring to find out what's been done,
Everybody chuckling over the good fun.

1915.

THE "FREE PRESS."

The MAGAZINE Fool, in looking over some of his old foolishness, discovered, near the bottom of the pile, these Dooleyan sentiments, seeming to point to a peculiar relation between his Alma Mater and the newspaper business. He reprints them, in order that his present audience may marvel at the contrast between those barbarous reports and the delicate reserve of present-day journalism.

MR. DOOLEY ON WELLESLEY PUBLICITY.

"Oi see th't th' pictures iv th' Wellesley debaters is in th' paaper," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Poor things, yis," sighed Mr. Dooley.

"'Tis hard," ventured Mr. Hennessey, "to be a public charocter."

"'Tis thot," replied Mr. Dooley," you and me Hinnessey, has got har-rdened to it. We don't moind th' glaring publicity iv it; but think, Hinnissey, iv th' turrible effec' it has on the tinder sinsibilities iv th' Wellesley debater. Think how th' porr thing is drogged befure th' public eye, whin she's tryin' her bist to live a modest but remarrkable loife in th' secluded vicinity iv' me friend Mr. Shattuck's store. She wishes t' be apart fr'm th' base an' sordid wurrld, ixcipt on Monday an' Saturday nights, but th' pa-apers won't let her. She comes down at sivin forty-nine to a luxoorious brikfast iv' prunes, shredded wheat an' omlitt. Out it comes in th' Boston Bugles, thinly disguised be th' toitle, "How a Wellesley girl eats her Force," with a cut iv th' Prisisint iv Student Govinmint at th' top, an' 'tis blazoned across th' continent. Her frind, th' iditor iv th' Kansas City Screamer, sinds her a revised version iv it in his own little sheet, jist t' show her that th' west has its eye on her. Nixt winter ye'll see the same thing in th' Philadelphia Enterprise. She goes to her mail, where neat an' fetchin' advartisements from th' leadin' importers of Boston awaits her. She uses thim t' write her frensics on, not bein' able to shpare th' tin cints necess'ry to buy a block iv theme pa-aper. She goes to her biology class, an' cuts up a frog with loathin' inprinted on her count'-nance, an' th' leadin' clargymin iv th' hour preaches a sermon on "Does th' reckless takin' of a harmless life degenerate our college girl, or is it Har-rvard?" She is curtain raiser at the Barn, an' th' pa-apers

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has it, "Daughter of a leadin' Kalamazoo citizen goes on th' stage," with a view iv th' picturesque little Barn where she got h'r early trainin' an' a cut iv me friend Doonan—it flatters him, Hinnessey—who drives her t' Boston f'r her daily ingagemint as leadin' lody at th' Hollis. It points with pride to th' fact besides her arjous juties at th' t'eayter, she kapes abrist iv her fellystudents in her acadimic work. She takes an fthernoon d'hrive to Natick with a harmless Frishman frim Yale, an' th' nixt mornin' both she an' th' Faculty is surprised t' fin' in th' pa-apers that she has eloped with th' la-ad, an' is now in Chicago. "Chicago iv all places," she screams—she lives in N'Yawk—an' writes to th' scurrilous sheet remonstratin'. But it doesn' do anny good, Hinnessey. They publish her letter in a spishal ixtra as an added proof iv her duplicity."

"'Tis a harrd life she leads," said Mr. Hennessey.

"'Tis thot, Hinnissey. Think iv havin' y'r picture in th' pa-apers riprisintin' you with y'r huir parted, whin you have wore it pompydoor f'r months. Think iv bein' reported to be participatin' in a joyous roun' iv festiv'ties at th' Prisidint's house, whin ye are grindin' on a philosophy pa-aper in a fourt' floor single room in College Hall. Think iv it bein' said that ye come frim a small town in Illinoy, whin yi father's a hivy taxpayer in one iv Chicago's manny remote an' pros'prous suburbs."

"No daughter iv mine" said Mr. Hennessey of Archery Rood, much stirred," sh'll ivir go to Wellesley."

"Nor mine," said Mr. Dooley, twinkling." And kape y'r sons fr'm th' newspaper offices, Hinnessey."

WINIFRED HAWKRIDGE, 1906.

THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

In Billings Hall, Monday evening, May 5, at 7.45 o'clock, a concert will be given by the College Symphony Orchestra. This organization conducts its work so quietly that although it is seven years old, its very existence is unknown to many members of the college. Starting modestly with a programme of simple pieces (this was in 1907) it now plays the symphonies of Haydn and other things of the less exacting modern repertoire. As there are no woodwind, brass or bass players in college among the students, a few professional players are engaged for each concert to supply the flute, clarinet, oboe, trumpet or bass parts. Under Mr. Foster's careful training the technique of the orchestra has improved steadily until it is now able to give a really inspiring performance. When one considers that this organization studies only the best of symphonic music and is loyal to the highest ideals, one realizes what it may mean to the college at large. Here we have the cause of good music furthered by the efforts and leadership of the students themselves.

What the orchestra now needs is the support of the college. The trustees pay the conductor, but there is music to be bought, professional assistance to be paid for and a few other expenses; the orchestra needs to sell three hundred tickets to pay its way.

Tickets are twenty-five cents, reserved seats thirty-five; they are on sale at Room C, Billings Hall, at College Hall center and at the door on the evening of the concert.

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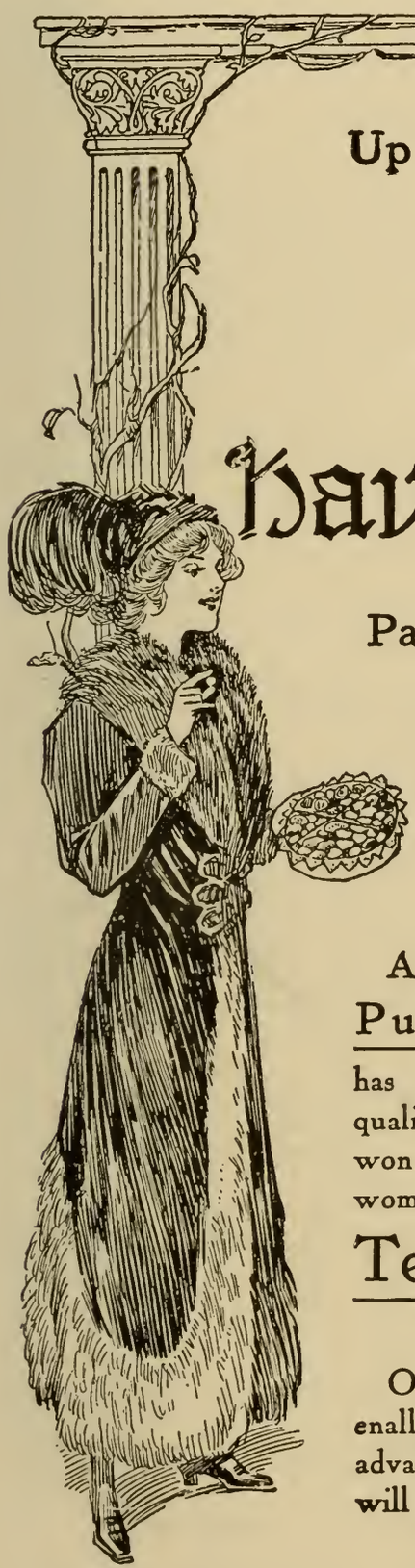

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